

DECEMBER

No. 1

SILVER STREAK COMICS

10
CENTS



ACTION!

THRILLS!

ADVENTURE!

A
BRAND
NEW
COMIC
MAGAZINE

8
THRILLING FEATURES
INCLUDING
THE CLAW
CAPT. FEARLESS
SPIRITMAN





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

INDIAN LORE

the Tom-Tom by JACK A. WARREN

THE TOM TOM A PIECE OF RAWHIDE STRETCHED OVER A HOOP. IT WAS FIRST USED BY THE MEDICINE MAN OF AN INDIAN TRIBE. HE BEAT UPON IT AND CHANTED IN RYTHM TO THE PATIENTS HEART BEAT. THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO DRIVE AWAY THE EVIL SPIRITS. THE MEDICINE MAN WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW IDEAS TO MYSTIFY HIS PEOPLE. "TO MAKE GOOD MEDICINE" SO HE WOULD BE A BIG CHIEF IN HIS TRIBE. HE FOUND THE RYTHMATIC BEAT OF THE TOM COULD INFLUENCE THEM.



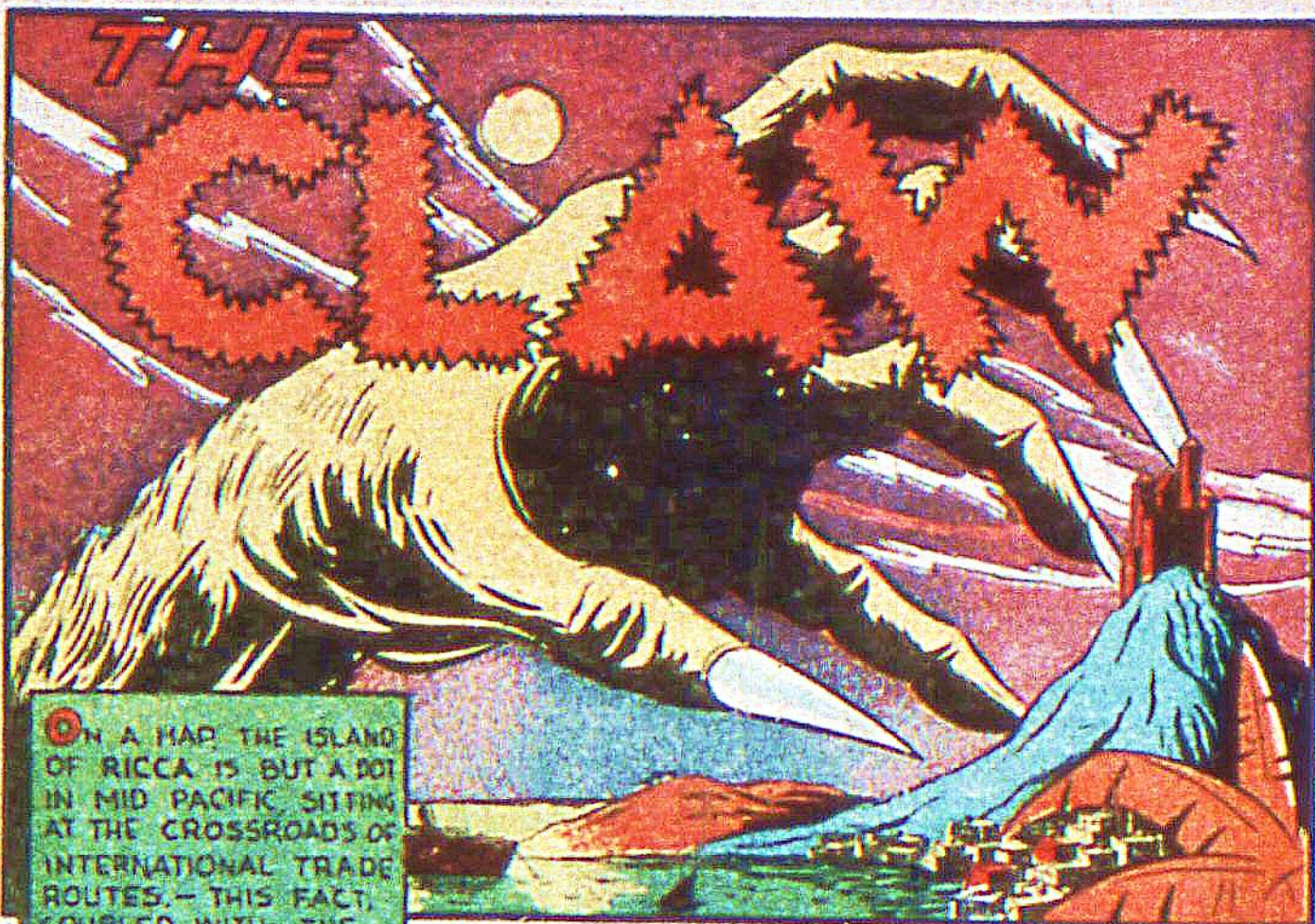
THE STEADY BEAT OF THE TOM-TOM COULD INCITE WARRIORS OF THE TRIBE TO BATTLE MORE THAN TALK. THE CONTINUOUS RYTHM WOULD BUILD THEM UP TO A FEVER HEAT. THIS RYTHM WOULD START WITH A SLOW, LOW, STEADY BEAT AND AS IT BUILT UP INTO A FAST AND FIERCE TEMPO THE WARRIORS WOULD BECOME MORE AND MORE FRENZIED.



THE MANY DIFFERENT FEAST CEREMONIES CALLED FOR DANCES OF JOY AND THANKSGIVING. HERE THE TOM-TOM PLAYED IT'S MOST JOYOUS PART. AS THE VISITING RELATIVES AND FRIENDS FROM OTHER TRIBES CAME AND GATHERED AROUND THE CAMPFIRE THEY FEASTED AND VISITED. THEN THE TOM-TOM WOULD START MAYBE BEATING OUT A THANKSGIVING TO THE GREAT SPIRIT. BUT EVENTUALLY IT WOULD GO INTO A LIVELY QUICK STEP FOR A DANCE OF JOY.



NEXT ISSUE - LEARN HOW TO MAKE A DANDY TOM-TOM - WITH NO EXPENSE TO YOU. AND HOW TO DO THE INDIAN DANCE STEPS



ON A MAP, THE ISLAND OF RICCA IS BUT A DOT IN MID PACIFIC, SITTING AT THE CROSSROADS OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE ROUTES.—THIS FACT, COUPLED WITH THE IDEAL HARBOR THAT NATURE HAS PROVIDED, MAKES IT A FAVORITE STOP-OVER PORT FOR PASSENGER AND FREIGHT SHIPS.—AS A RIPE CANTELOPE ATTRACTS FLIES, THUS HAVE THE MANY RICHLY LADEN VESSELS STOPPING AT RICCA BRED A BAND OF PLUNDERING DESPERADOES WHO WORK UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF "THE CLAY," A MAMMOTH CREATURE OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS WHO KEEPS A CONSTANT REIGN OF TERROR OVER THE ISLAND'S 10,000 INHABITANTS.—THE MOST BAFFLING PROBLEM OF THE SHIP-PLUNDERING IS HOW THE CARGO IS STOLEN! IT JUST DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR!

THE LINER MOROSA DROPS ANCHOR AT RICCA ON ITS WAY TO CHINA WITH A FORTUNE IN GOLD TO AID THE SUFFERING VICTIMS OF WAR.—ABOARD ARE JERRY MORRIS, CHEMIST-ADVENTURER, AND ELOISE PEARSALL AMERICA'S ONLY FEMALE AMBASSADOR.

WHAT AN ENCHANTING PLACE SO FAR AWAY FROM THE TROUBLED WORLD!

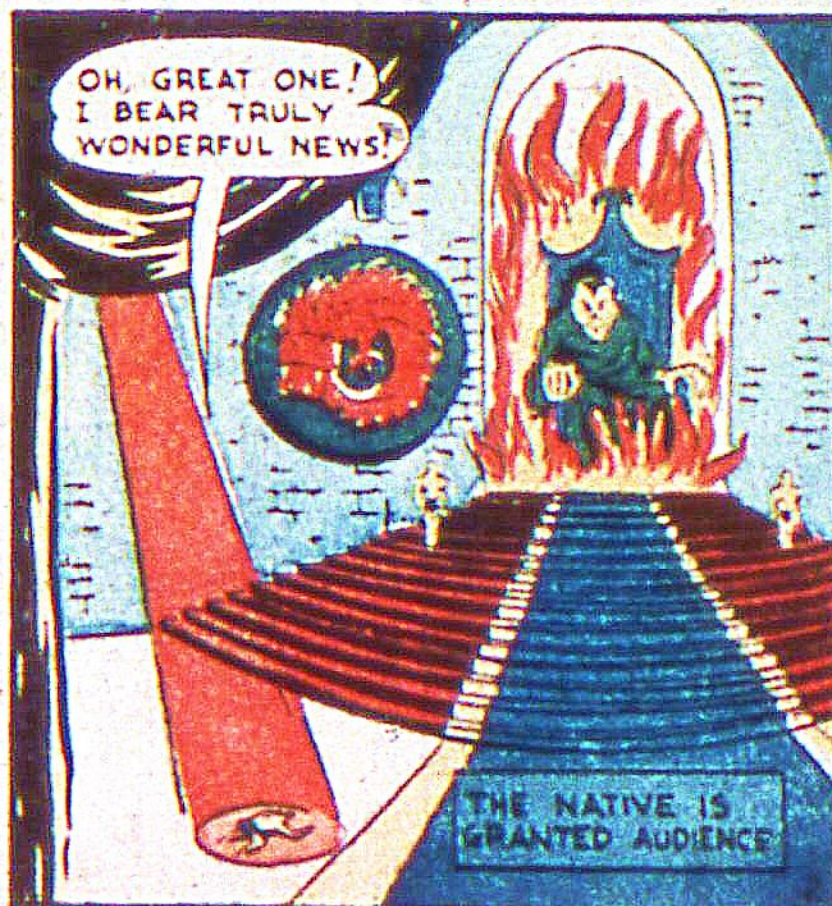
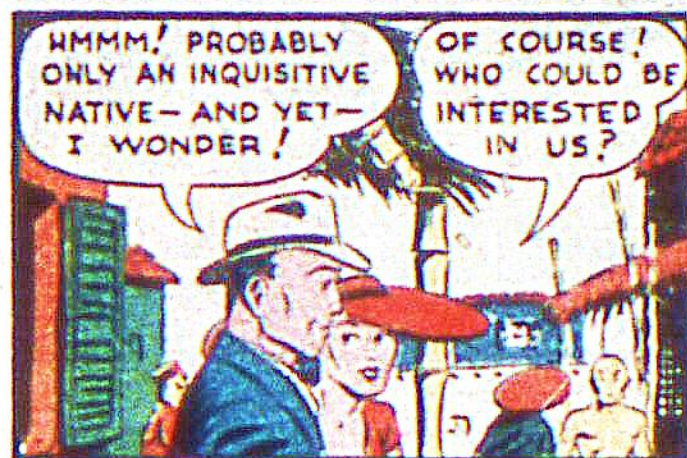
FROM WHAT I HEAR, MISS PEARSALL IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE WAY AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

COME ASHORE AND I'LL SHOW YOU

NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE

WHY THE NATIVES!—THEY LOOK SO-SO BEATEN!—SO HOPELESS!



I HAVE, AT LAST, FOUND THE WOMAN YOU SEEK TO AID IN YOUR WORLD CONQUEST—SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AND OF RARE INTELLIGENCE! A PERFECT COMBINATION INDEED!



WELL DONE, SLAVE!—YOU SHALL BE AMPLY REPAID!



A MADDENING HUM IS HEARD!—IT IS THE HYPNOTIC HUM OF THE CLAW!—FEAR-STRICKEN ORIENTALS RUN MADLY FOR COVER AS AN EVIL SHADOW IS CAST OVER THE ENTIRE ISLAND!—IT IS AN OMEN OF IMPENDING DANGER!

AT NIGHT, A FEELING OF UNEASINESS FILLS THE ISLAND'S PEOPLE!—FOR THE CLAW ONLY APPEARS WHEN THE MOON IS FULL! **SUDDENLY A GREAT MONSTER RISES INTO VIEW!**



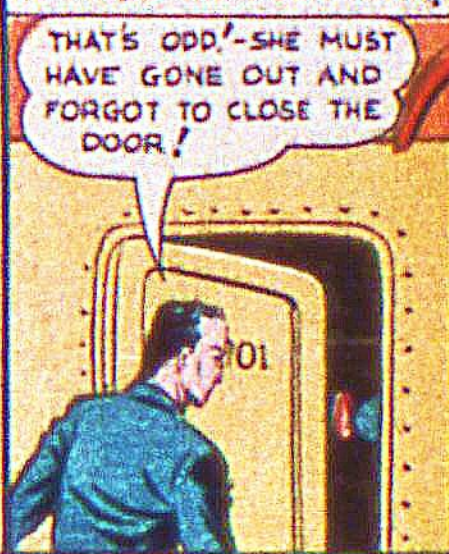
BUT, ONLY ONE NEED FEAR THIS MADMAN—ONLY ONE WILL FALL UNDER HIS SPELL TONIGHT! ELOISE PEARSALL IS AWAKENED FROM SLEEP—THEN



MEANWHILE, JERRY IS ASTONISHED AT THE GRUESOME SPECTACLE



CALLING AT ELOISE'S CABIN TO SEE IF SHE IS ALRIGHT, HE FINDS THE DOOR AJAR!



UNNOTICED, ELOISE DIVES OVERBOARD, UNDER THE CLAWS GUIDING WILL-POWER



I'M CONVINCED, CAPTAIN, THAT MISS PEARSALL HAS MET WITH FOUL PLAY AT THE HANDS OF THIS MAD MONSTER!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? WE SAIL TOMORROW!



IT WOULD PLACE YOU IN RATHER AN AWKWARD POSITION, IF YOU LEFT WITHOUT AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR! GIVE ME TWO DAYS AND I'LL HAVE HER BACK—I HOPE!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE OF YOURSELF?



JUST A HUNCH, CAPTAIN, JUST A HUNCH!—WHOEVER THIS CREATURE IS, I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT HE IS A BEING OF SUPERNATURAL HYPNOTIC ABILITY, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIGHT HIM!—MY WAY!

AND YOUR WAY?



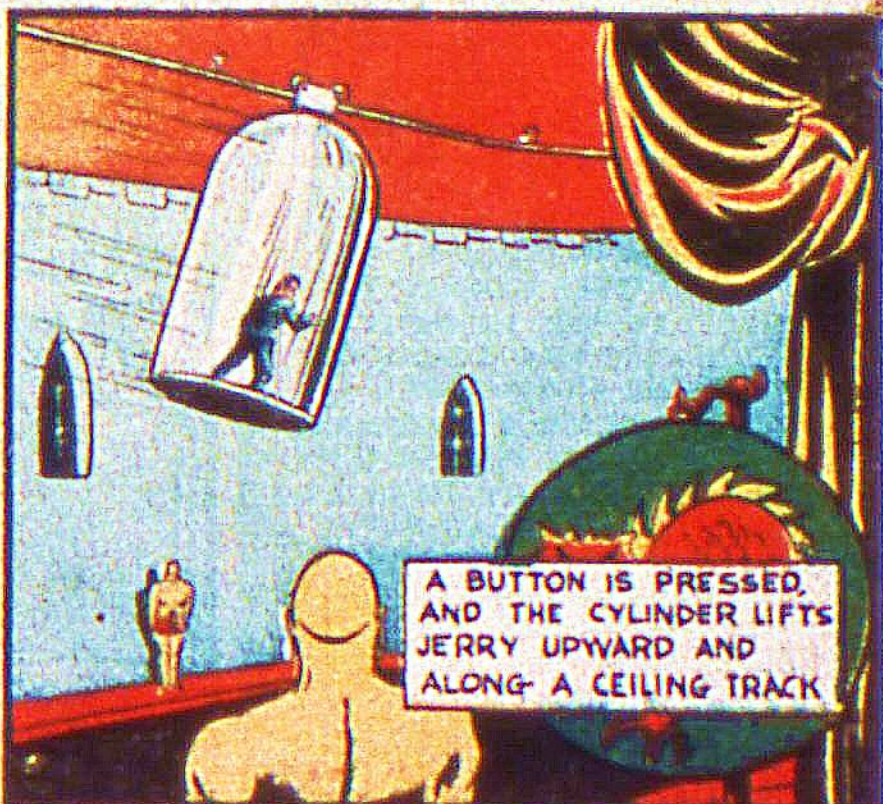
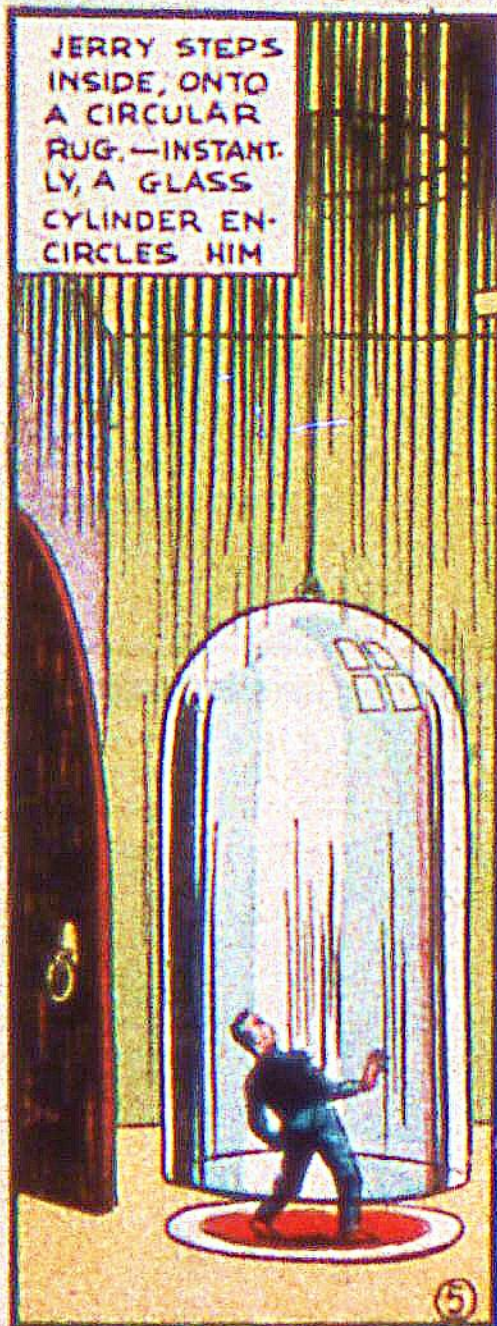
AH, BUT NOW YOU'RE ASKING QUESTIONS! ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS TO KEEP YOUR CREW ON CONSTANT GUARD AND READY FOR ACTION!



AN IMPROVISED LABORATORY TAKES SHAPE IN JERRY'S STATEROOM

I HAD NO IDEA THIS FORMULA OF MINE WOULD RECEIVE THE ACID TEST SO SOON!







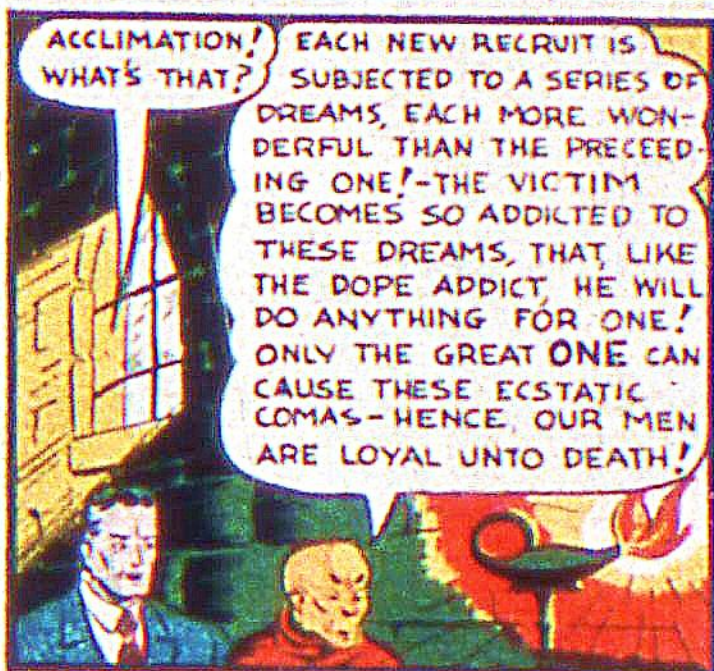
OH, GREAT SIR,
YOUR MYSTIC POWERS
ARE KNOWN THE WORLD
OVER!-GRANT THAT I
MAY JOIN YOU AND
BECOME YOUR EVER-
LASTING SLAVE?



AN ADMIRABLE LIE,
ONE MR MORRIS, AND A
USELESS ONE-BUT IT
MATTERS NOT-ONCE
THE CLAW WILL IT,
YOU WILL PERISH
ALL THOUGHTS OF
TREACHERY!

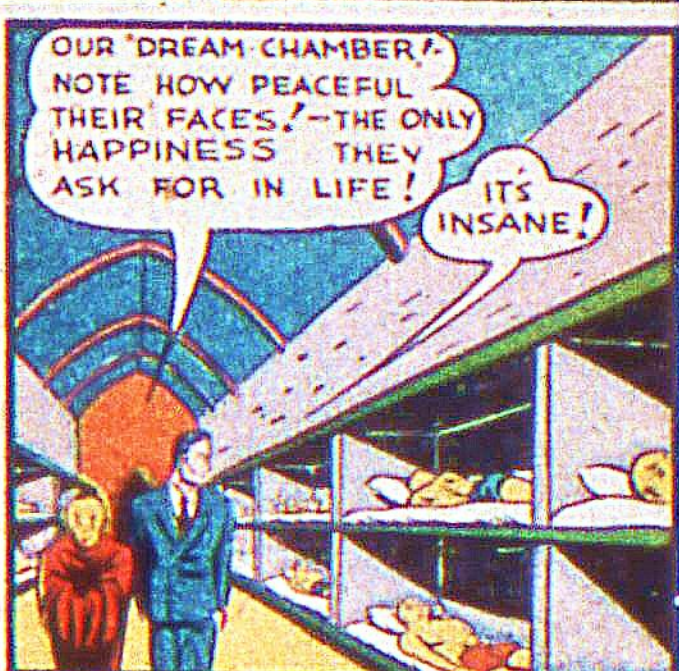


PREPARE HIM FOR
THE ACCLIMATION!



ACCLIMATION!
WHAT'S THAT?

EACH NEW RECRUIT IS
SUBJECTED TO A SERIES OF
DREAMS, EACH MORE WON-
DERFUL THAN THE PRECEED-
ING ONE!-THE VICTIM
BECOMES SO ADDICTED TO
THESE DREAMS, THAT, LIKE
THE DOPE ADDICT, HE WILL
DO ANYTHING FOR ONE!
ONLY THE GREAT ONE CAN
CAUSE THESE ECSTATIC
COMAS-HENCE, OUR MEN
ARE LOYAL UNTO DEATH!



OUR 'DREAM CHAMBER!-
NOTE HOW PEACEFUL
THEIR FACES!-THE ONLY
HAPPINESS THEY
ASK FOR IN LIFE!

IT'S
INSANE!



THAT POOR SOUL
SEEMS TO BE
IN AGONY!

WE ALSO HAVE
THE MERIT SYSTEM
IN DREAMS!-THE
BEST WORKER RECEIV-
ES THE HAPPIEST DREAM
-THIS MAN DIS-OBEYED,
AND MUST SUFFER A
HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE-
ALL THE PUNISHMENT
NECESSARY TO INSURE
FUTURE LOYALTY!



MISS
PEARSALL!

SILENCE! IT IS
TIME FOR YOU TO
JOIN THE RANKS

STRAPPED TO A MOVING TABLE, JERRY IS TAKEN AGAIN BEFORE THE CLAW. HE FEIGNS SLEEP, THE RADIUM SOLUTION CAUSING IMMUNITY FROM THE CLAW'S MAD DREAMS!

I COMMAND YOU-SLEEP-SLEEP!!

REMOVED TO THE DREAM CHAMBER AND LEFT UNTIED TO SLUMBER, JERRY SLIPS OVER TO ELOISE

POOR THING!- I'LL HAVE TO POUR THE SOLUTION IN HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE BECOMES ADDICTED!

W-WHERE AM I? THAT-THAT DREAM WAS EXQUISITE!

IT'S ME, MISS PEARSALL! YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! NOW LISTEN, AND DO AS I SAY! I WANT YOU TO ACT AS THOUGH YOU WERE STILL UNDER THE 'CLAW'S' POWER

BOTH ELOISE AND JERRY ARE PRONOUNCED PERMANENTLY ADDICTED, NEXT DAY.-JERRY'S TRAINING BEGINS AT ONCE:

YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE LEECH-BOAT SQUAD, TO SERVE AS AN APPRENTICE UNDER CAPTAIN HY-LANG FOR A MONTH.-AFTER THAT, YOU MAY BE PROMOTED

THEY ENTER A GIGANTIC UNDERGROUND ROOM AT SEA-LEVEL

HERE IS OUR LEECH-BOAT BASE!- PREPARE AT ONCE FOR WORK- YOU ARE GOING TO AID IN ROBBING THE VERY VESSEL YOU SAILED ON!

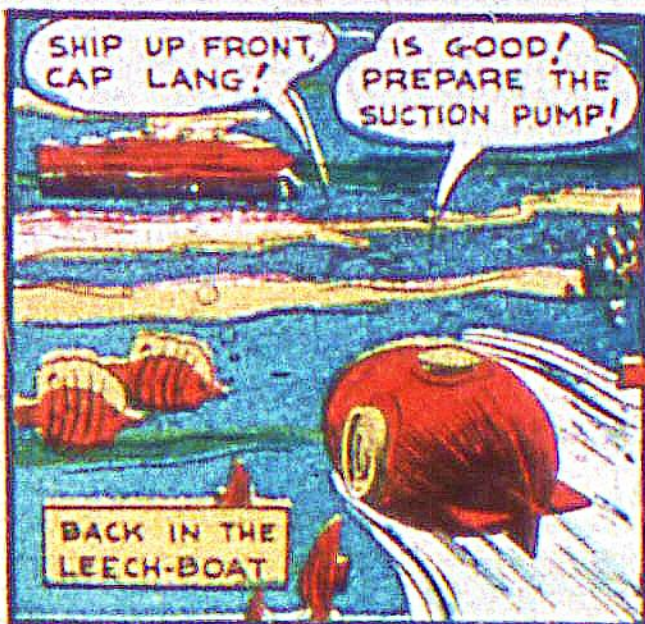
JERRY DONS A SPECIAL SUIT AND ENTERS THE HUGE LEECH-BOAT

STEP LIVELY, WE SAIL!



SHIP UP FRONT, CAP LANG!

IS GOOD! PREPARE THE SUCTION PUMP!



BACK IN THE LEECH-BOAT

MEANWHILE, THE CLAW CALLS ELOISE

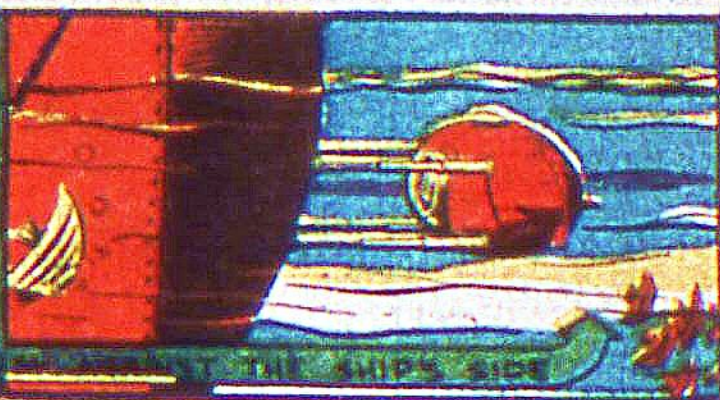
YOU ARE MOST FORTUNATE, WHITE BEAUTY, TO BE CHOSEN FOR MY QUEEN! - THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL BE MINE, ONE DAY, AND I MUST BE PREPARED TO GIVE IT A QUEEN WORTHY OF THE CLAW!



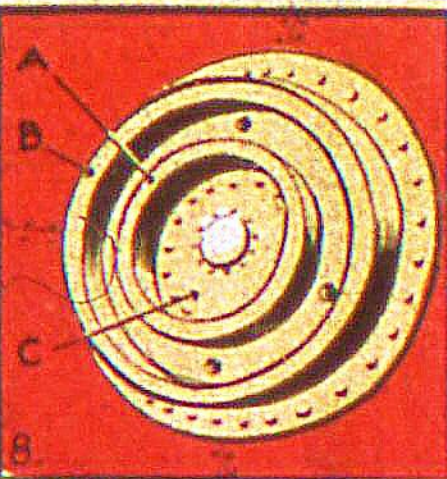
WHITE ONE IS PUZZLED! WATCH CLOSELY THIS MAP AND YON SHIP!



USING SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS, A SPOT ON THE SHIP MOROSA, IS SELECTED THAT CORRESPONDS EXACTLY WITH THE SPOT ON THE MAP MARKED 'STRONG-ROOM'. THE LEECH-BOAT THEN GLIDES ALONG SIDE, AND AT THE DESIGNATED SPOT FOUR SUCTION ARMS SHOOT OUT AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE SHIP'S SIDE! - THEN THEY DRAW THE LEECH-BOAT AND MASTER SUCTION DISK

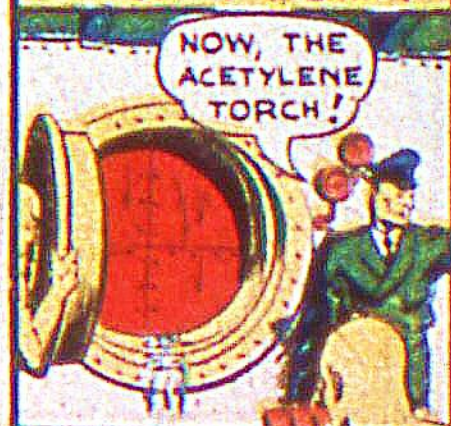


HOW THE MASTER-DISK WORKS: - INNER RUBBER RING "A" + OUTER RING "B" REST TIGHTLY AGAINST THE SHIP'S SIDE. A SUCTION IS CREATED BETWEEN THEM, HOLDING THE LEECH-BOAT SECURE AND ALLOWING DOOR "C" TO BE OPENED, WITHOUT FLOODING LEECH BOAT, AND EXPOSING THE SHIP'S SIDE!



THE DOOR IS OPENED!

NOW, THE ACETYLENE TORCH!



A CIRCULAR SECTION IS REMOVED FROM THE SHIP, MOROSA.

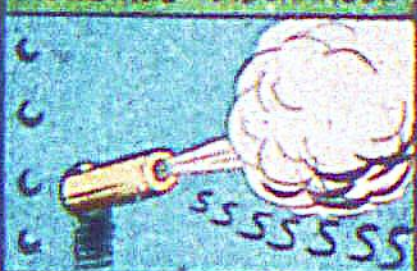


THEN AN ELECTRIC STETHOSCOPE IS PLACED AGAINST THE INNER WALL.

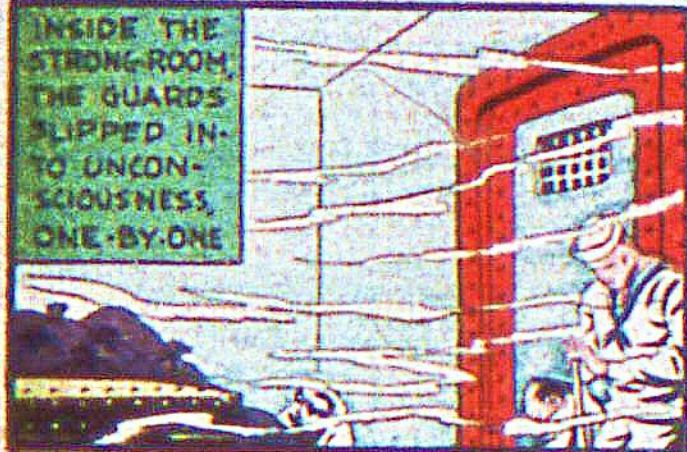


SOMEONE INSIDE, CAPT. LANG!

WHEREUPON, A HALF-INCH HOLE IS MADE WITH A SILENT DRILL. THIS DONE, A HOSE IS PUSHED THROUGH, AND CARBON MONOXIDE DISCHARGED.



INSIDE THE STRONG-ROOM, THE GUARDS SLIPPED IN-TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, ONE-BY-ONE.



GAS MASKS, EVERYONE! REMOVE RIVETS FROM WALL-SECTION AND PREPARE TO ENTER!



QUICKLY! GET THE STRONG-BOX AND ALL VALUABLES!



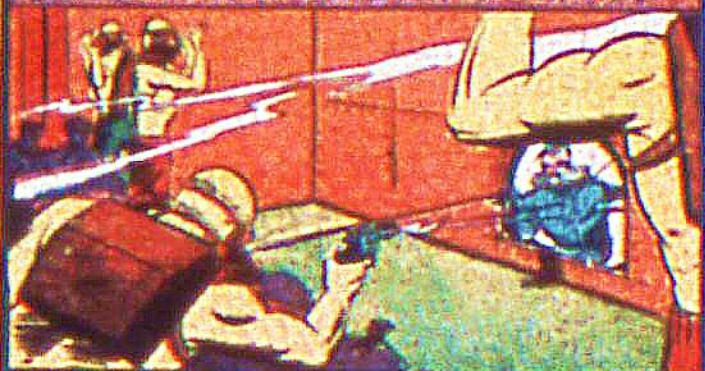
NOT ALLOWED TO PARTICIPATE, JERRY REMAINS IN THE LATCH BOAT WITH HY-LANG - THEN--

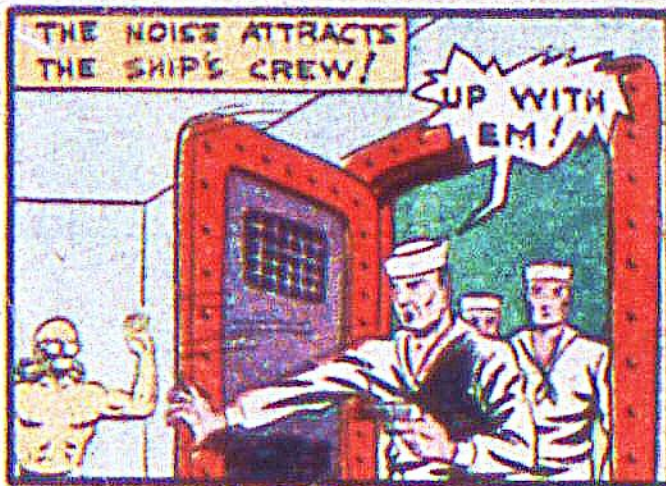


REACH! AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS! LINE UP AGAINST THAT FAR WALL!



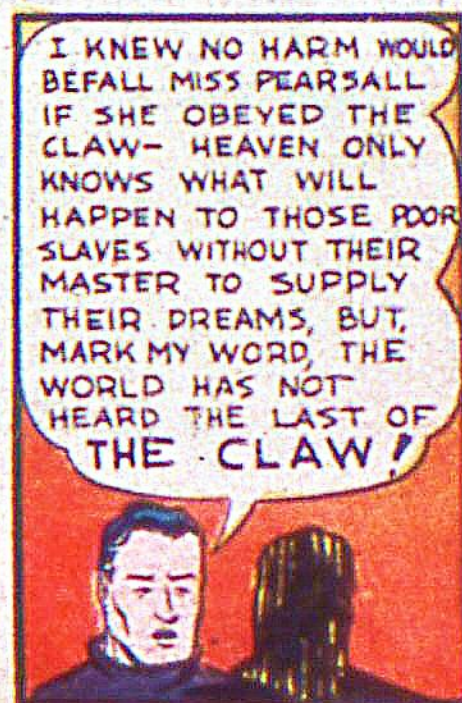
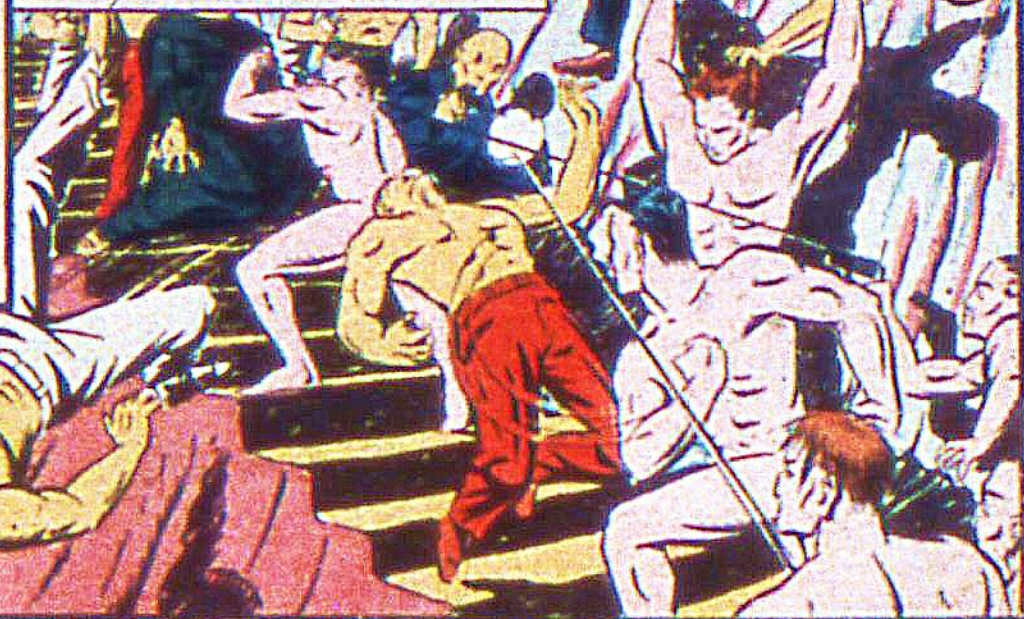
BUT ONE ORIENTAL DROPS BEHIND A PILE OF GOLD-BAGS AND EMPTIES HIS REVOLVER AT JERRY, BUT THE BULLETS GLANCED OFF HIS RADIUM-PROTECTED BODY WITH A WHISTLING WHINE.







THEIR BODYS UNHARMED, BUT CLOTHES SEARED INTO NOTHINGNESS, THE MEN EMERGE, NAKED, AND SOON SUBDUE THE LAST REMAINING PIRATES



FACTOGRAMS

By Ray Till

THE

ACID
TEST!

THE PROGRESS OF
CIVILIZATION IS
PROPORTIONAL TO
THE AMOUNT OF
SULPHURIC ACID
USED!

PROVEN BY THE U.S.
BUREAU OF STAND-
ARDS' TESTS WITH
THIS "KEY" CHEMICAL!
(MORAL: "ALKALIZE- OR CIVILIZE")

CASTOR OIL
WAS USED AS
A MOTOR OIL
IN FIGHTING
PLANES DURING
THE WORLD WAR

AND WAS USED AS A
BEAUTIFYING OIL IN
ANCIENT EGYPT- BUT
HAS SINCE LOST ITS
POPULARITY- (GUESS?)

A
BLACK
SNOWSTORM

THIS STRANGE
PHENOMENON
OCCURRED
WHEN A SNOW-
STORM MET UP
WITH A DUST STORM!
ST. PAUL, MINN. 1937.

HOT WATER WILL
FREEZE MORE
QUICKLY THAN
COLD!
(IT REMOVES THE IMPUR-
ITIES. PURE WATER WILL
FREEZE FASTER.)

AN ELECTRIC
FAN WILL NOT
LOWER THE TEM-
PERATURE IN A
ROOM!
(THE HEAT FROM THE
MOTOR MAY EVEN RAISE IT!)

A black RIVER!

- IS THE LACKAWANNA, AS IT FLOWS
THROUGH MINOOKA, PA., COAL TOWN.

THE EFFORTS OF THE POLICE ARE REDOUBLED. THE UNDERWORLD ALSO FEELS THE EFFECTS OF THE WILL-O-WISP'S EY PLOTS.



SLIP CALLS THE WEALTHY YOUNG SPORTSMAN, WHO IN REALITY IS THE MYSTERIOUS MR MIDNITE, SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD.



BECAUSE OF NEAL'S FISTIC ABILITY - "SLIP" DECIDES TO FINISH HIM QUICKLY.



YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE - START REACHIN'!!



LET 'M GO GUNNER WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT!



WRONG AGAIN? - I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT WALLET!



HMM... A WELL FILLED WALLET I THANK YOU!



NEAL IS FASCINATED BY THE WILL-O-WISP - HE STUDIES THE BRILLIANT LIGHT.

— AND THE FRIGHTENED THUGS FLEE —



THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR US. SCRAM!

YOUNG CARRUTHERS RETURNS HOME —

SO THAT WAS THE WILL-O-WISP? IT LOOKS AS THOUGH A CERTAIN MR MIDNITE WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



ASHAMED
BECAUSE HE HAD
FALLEN FOR
A HOAX,
CARRUTHERS
STUDIES THE
PAPERS FOR
ANY
INFORMATION
ON THE
CITY'S NEWEST
TERRORIST

8

THE WILLO-WISP APPARENTLY
DOESN'T LEAVE THE
POLICE ANYTHING
TO WORK ON —
MAYBE MY FRIEND
CHIEF BIREY
KNOWS OF
SOMETHING?



HELLO! CHIEF BIREY?
LOOK, CHIEF, I'D LIKE
TO SEE YOU,
A LITTLE
WHILE. — YES,
TONIGHT.



NEAL HURRIES
ACROSS TOWN
TO THE
HOME OF THE
POLICE CHIEF,
WHO, NEVER
REALIZING THE
TRUE IDENTITY
OF CARRUTHERS,
HAS OFTEN
UNWITTINGLY
INFORMED HIM
OF POLICE
ACTIVITIES.

HELLO NEAL! — WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND THIS FINE NIGHT?



IT'S ABOUT THE
WILLO-WISP,
CHIEF?

YOU TOO? THIS
THING HAS ME JUST
ABOUT



WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S A NOTE! —
CHIEF IT LOOKS
LIKE A WARNING!

F-F-FOR ME? — I'LL
CALL A RIOT SQUAD!



TO NIGHT AT 12 I WILL
VISIT YOU — IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE
YOU WILL HAVE
\$10,000 WAITING FOR
ME. — FAIL AND
YOU WILL DIE.
Will-O-Wisp!

I THINK HE
MEANS IT
CHIEF?

GREAT GUNS! FIRST —
MR MIDNITE RUNS THE POLICE
RAGGED — NOW IT'S THIS
WILLO-WISP!



CARRUTHERS DRESSES FOR HIS ROLE OF "MR MIDNITE," CONVINCED THAT HE HAS FIGURED OUT THE METHODS OF THE WILL-O-WISP.

THAT NOTE TOSSED IN ON THE CHIEF, SURELY WAS A GOOD BREAK FOR ME!



I'M SURE THAT IF THE CHIEF WILL BE AT ALL REASONABLE, WE CAN TAKE THIS WILL-O-WISP. ALTHOUGH BIREY HAS REASON TO HATE MR MIDNITE.



WHILE THE CHIEF IS BUSY GIVING ORDERS MR MIDNITE ENTERS THE HOUSE UNSEEN.



ALL YOU FELLOWS HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IS THIS— GET HIM— DEAD OR ALIVE I WANT THE WILL-O-WISP!

MISTER MIDNITE!!

NOW— BEFORE YOU TALK ANY MORE, YOU LISTEN TO ME!



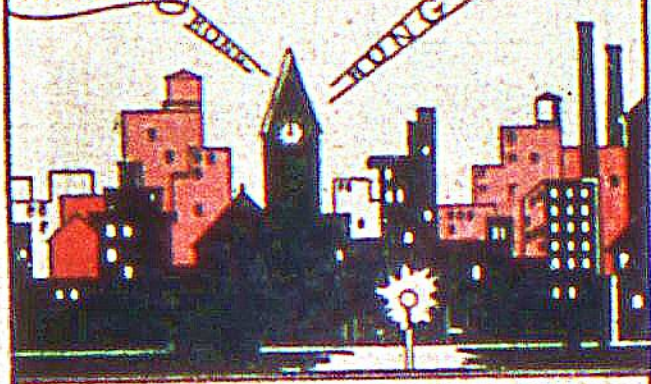
NEAL PERSUADES CHIEF BIREY TO FORGET HIS ENMITY TOWARD MR MIDNITE FOR THE MOMENT.

ALL RIGHT— ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY THIS TIME!

GOOD!— SHALL WE RELAX, UNTIL OUR FRIEND GETS HERE?



IN TOWN

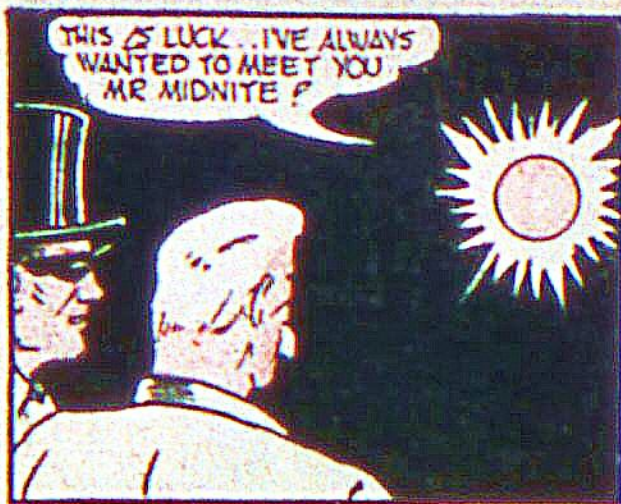


AS THE CLOCK STARTS TO PEAL OUT THE MIDNITE HOUR

STOP TIME !!



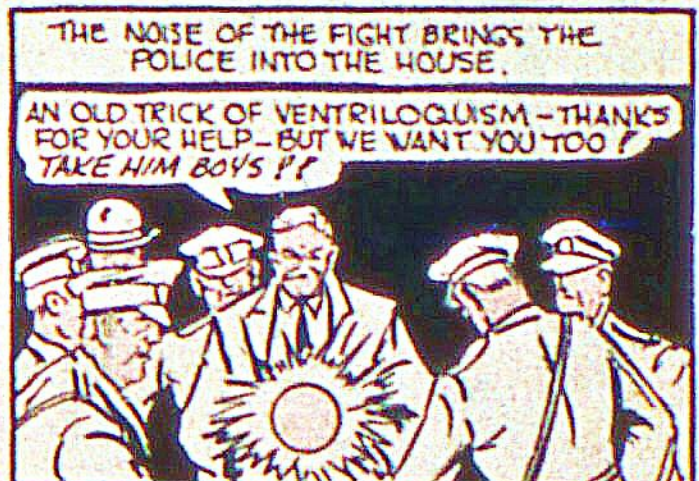
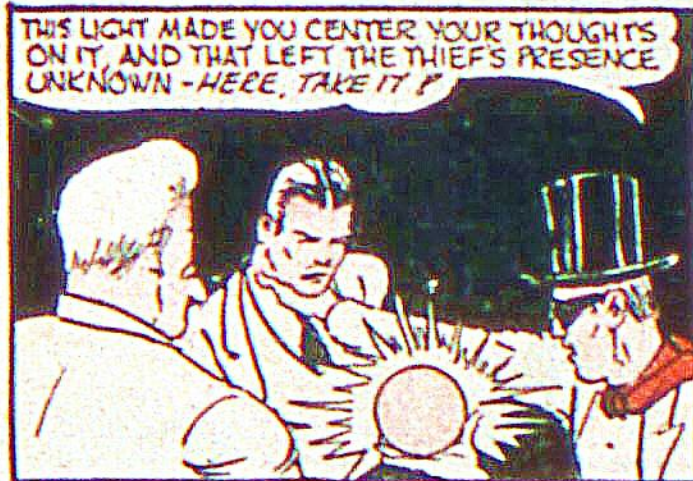
AND THE CLOCK STOPS STRIKING ON THE SEVENTH STROKE OF TWELVE!



THE CHIEF IS SPEECHLESS AND FASCINATED BY THE BRILLIANT LIGHT.



AS THE LIGHT BOBS ABOUT, MR. MIDNITE LOOKS AWAY AND SEES A MAN BESIDE THE CHIEF.



HIS MISSION ENDED, MISTER MIDNITE LEAVES THE BEWILDERED POLICE AND MOTIONS TO THE TOWER CLOCK TO FINISH RINGING THE HOUR HE HAD STOPPED.



SAVE-ON-BULLETS

By Ray Gill

"A SHERIFF gotta be a man who'll fight. A man that not only will fight back... but one that will start a few of his own!" The men in the Black Snake, Green Gulch's only gambling hangout, listened to what this big, overgrown kid had to say about his Boss of a few months. Ken Lester was his name. They laughed at his muttering, all but a few.

Three strangers down at the end of the long bar were taking it all in. The biggest of the three asked in a low voice, "Say, who is that kid? Maybe we can use him!" The others shrugged their shoulders but agreed that they all would meet in the very near future.

SHERIFF John Carteris was a dignified, well bred old man. I say "old" because he was old, although he didn't look it, or act it. He was careful, slow, about things, especially guns, and it was this that the young deputy, Kenneth Lester, held against him.

"A man should think before he acts!", the old sheriff had asserted more than once. But to this the "Kid" would impulsively retort, "He does too much thinkin' and not enough actin' to suit me!"

The weekly coach on the regular run from Dry Creek to Valley Town was stopped in front of the Black Snake, waiting to take on the few passengers who had stopped off for some relaxation before the final seventy-mile run. Sheriff Carteris was standing on the far side of the stage talking to the driver, getting the news from along the line, the only means in this new country.

The Sheriff of Green Gulch Knew When to
Shoot Without Wasting Time or Lead!

Deputy Lester, sprawled across a chair on the porch of the Black Snake, sat resigned to his duty. As usual, he had been ordered to "preserve law and order, make a detailed report of any unusual occurrences, and use a gun only in self defense." And to feed the prisoner at six sharp.

"Preserve law and order," Ken thought to himself. "In this burg, is like being nursemaid to a sickly calf. The only chance for a little action is to ride with the payroll on the stage every week . . . and Carteris takes that! I wouldn't mind if he made good use of the situation, but even if a couple of hombres did stick up the wagon he'd most likely let them get away with it, and rely on their conscience to make them return the gold. I'd like to get a crack at a little fun now and then. I'll go nuts just hanging around writin' notes."

Ken threw the stick he had been whittling over the rail to the ground and watched the dust it created raise and dissipate itself. With pent-up emotion he let fly his hunting knife and after turning over three times, it stuck in the crude floor of the Black Snake's porch flooring. Before it had stopped quivering a hand had stooped and pulled it out with a yank. Ken's gaze wandered up the arm and recognized the face of one of the three strangers in the saloon of the morning. The man spoke.

"Fed'up, eh kid? Well, I can't blame you. Listen, you don't know me, but maybe I can tell you something that will interest you."

Ken eyed the tall, thin man in front of him. He was small-eyed and dark but his broad smile showed a wealth of white teeth that belied the otherwise sinister look of the fellow.

"Tell on, my friend, I really need to be interested, in something!" Ken glued his gaze on the man as he spoke.

"Tell your sheriff to stay home this trip. I've heard there'll be plenty of action about fifteen miles out." And with that, the man disappeared into the inside of the Black Snake. Ken was about to follow him when he heard the driver call for the last passenger.

"No time to lose, if I want to be out there when it breaks loose." And then to the sheriff, as he started to mount to the high seat beside the driver. "Say, I . . . I just heard that there may be a little trouble in . . . in town while you're gone. Let me take the stage through to Valley Town, they'll need you here!"

The grey-haired sheriff climbed down off the stage and without a word handed the rifle he carried to the younger man.

"Git!" The hoarse voice of the driver threw life into the waiting team and as they rumbled off Ken saw the tall dark man with the smile mount his black cayuse and gallop off towards

the hills. Ken settled back in the seat and fondled the Winchester in fond expectation.

"I hope he's right!"

THE day was clear, and the way the horses chewed up the road sent a delicious chill of adventure up Deputy "Kid" Lester's spine.

"How far out are we?" the Kid asked the driver after a time.

"Oh, 'bout ten miles, I reckon. You just better set back and rest, we got a long ways to go yet."

"I . . ." The Kid's speech was cut off by the sharp crack of a rifle and the crying whine of the bullet as it missed its mark and went ricocheting off into the hills.

"Whoa there . . ." The driver pulled hard on the reins but the frightened animals refused to stop and thundered along the thin, rock-lined, mud road. Three masked figures astride fast mounts darted out of the rocks and followed, shooting continuously.

"Uhhhhh!" And with that groan, the driver fell forward, and off the seat onto the wiffel-tree of the harness and dangled lifelessly as the coach careened dangerously. A bullet had found its mark!

The sight of a lone rider rapidly closing in on the three masked highwaymen brought a smile of relief to the worried countenance of the action-loving "Kid". But, the smile quickly faded, for on a second glance the rider proved to be the old woman sheriff, Carteris!

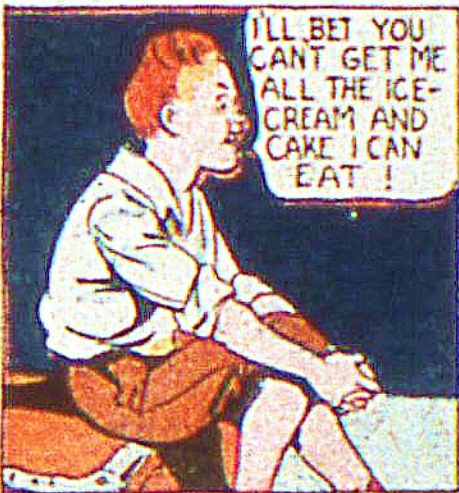
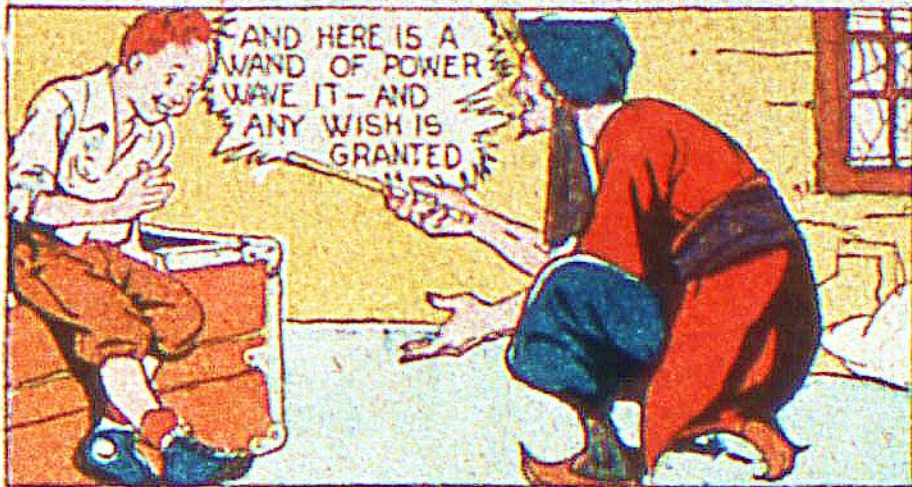
"Now I'll have to look after him too!" Ken Lester was holding the reins between his knees and trying to load with the added job of keeping down out of sight. Gun loaded, and rifle cocked, the Kid took careful aim . . . Along the sights of his gun Deputy Lester saw a sight that nearly knocked him off the speeding stage coach . . . The grey-haired old sheriff had fired his first shot into the air. The three desperadoes instantly wheeled about and faced the intruder. Ken heard three gun shots . . . in rapid succession, and to his utmost amazement . . . saw the three masked men topple off their horses, one after the other, and fall motionless to the ground!

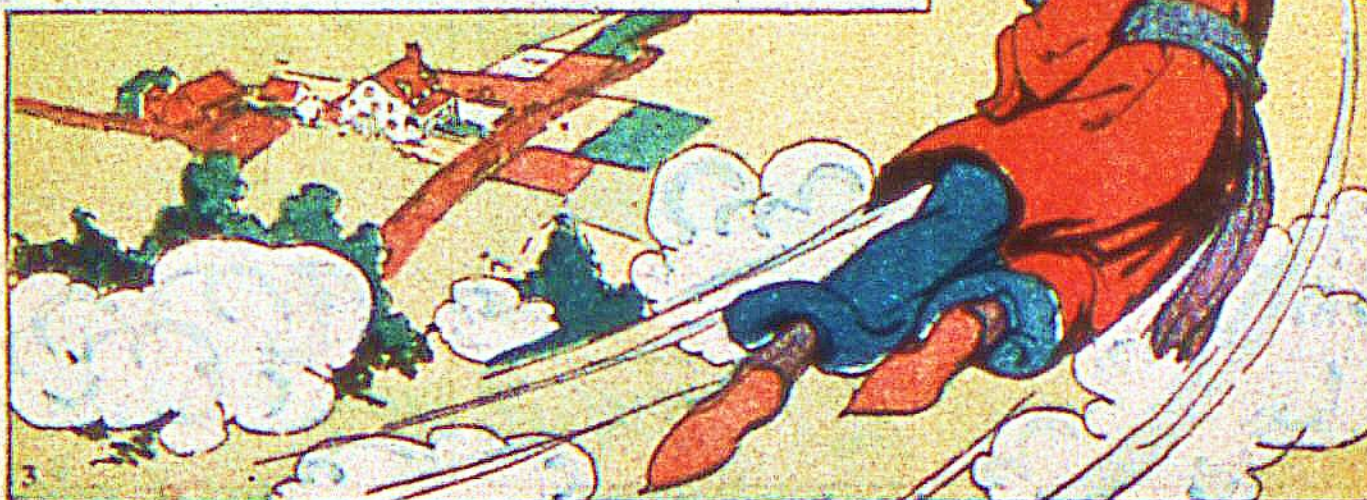
A FEW days later, in the office of the sheriff, Deputy Kenneth Lester listened, with open-mouthed awe, while the bandaged coach driver told story after story of the gun battles and pistol contests won by the grey-topped Sheriff John Carteris in his younger days.

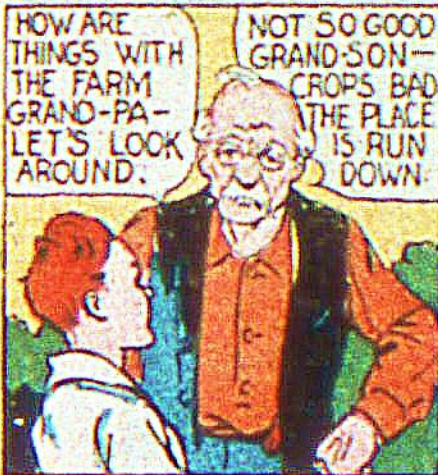
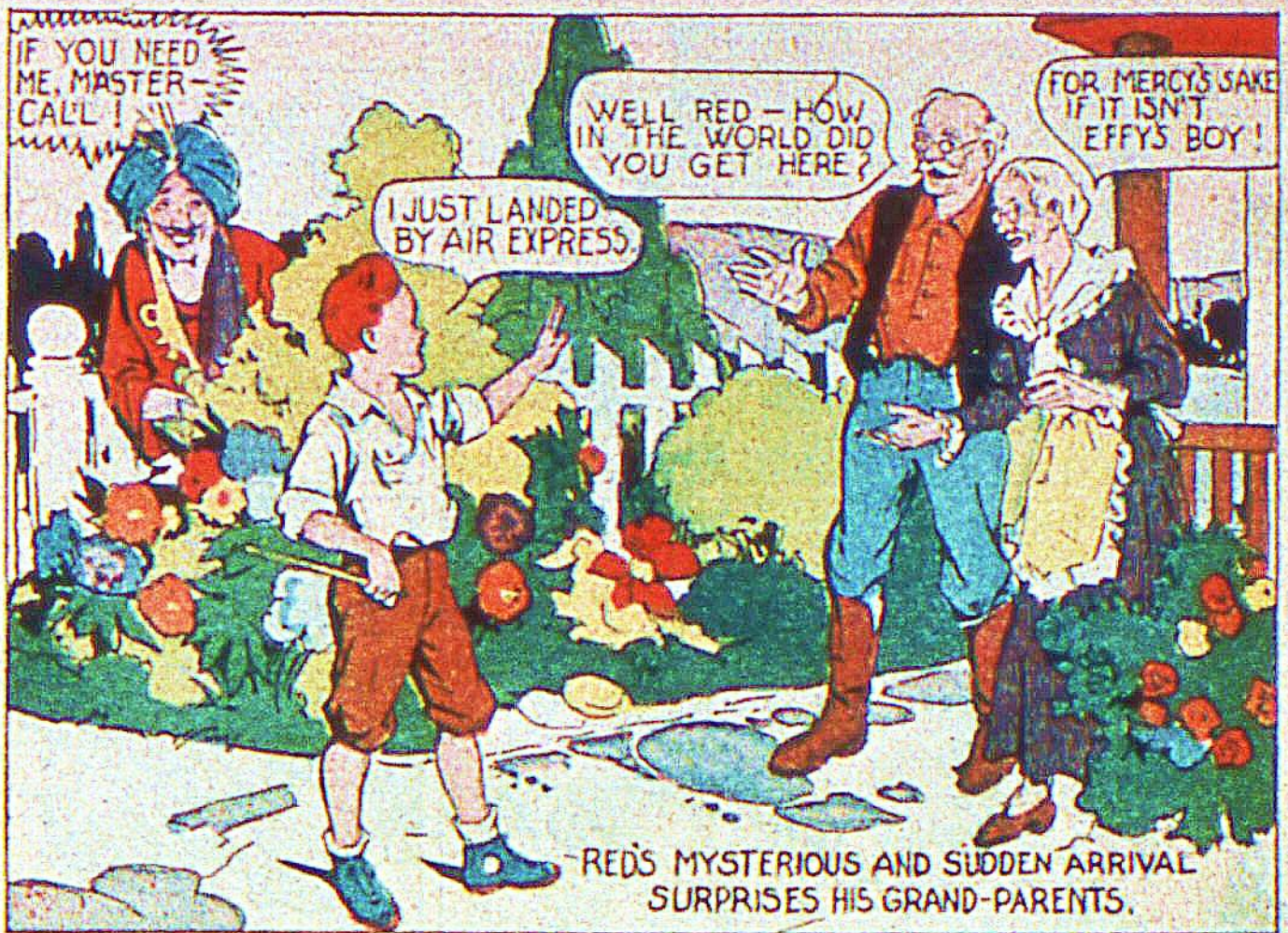
"That's true," the quiet law officer agreed. "But I've found that you gain more in the long run if you can think your way out of a fight. The results last just as long . . . and besides, you save an awful lot on bullets that way!"

—THE END—











BEHOLD YOUR BARN!
THE SULTAN HIMSELF
HAS NO BETTER

HOLY MOSES!
YOU CALL
THAT A BARN?

WHAT
IN THE WORLD
IS THAT?

BEFORE RED AND GRANDAD'S
AMAZED EYES - A STRANGE
BUILDING APPEARS IN PLACE
OF THE OLD BLOWN-DOWN
BARN -



BUT YOU
SHOULD KNOW
- WE DON'T
WANT THAT
KIND OF BARN

MASTER
IS HARD
TO PLEASE
- BUT I
DID MY
BEST



MASTER, I HAVE
FAILED YOU,
USE THE WAND!



I WISH THIS FUNNY-
LOOKING BARN REMOVED
AND A REAL ONE IN ITS
PLACE

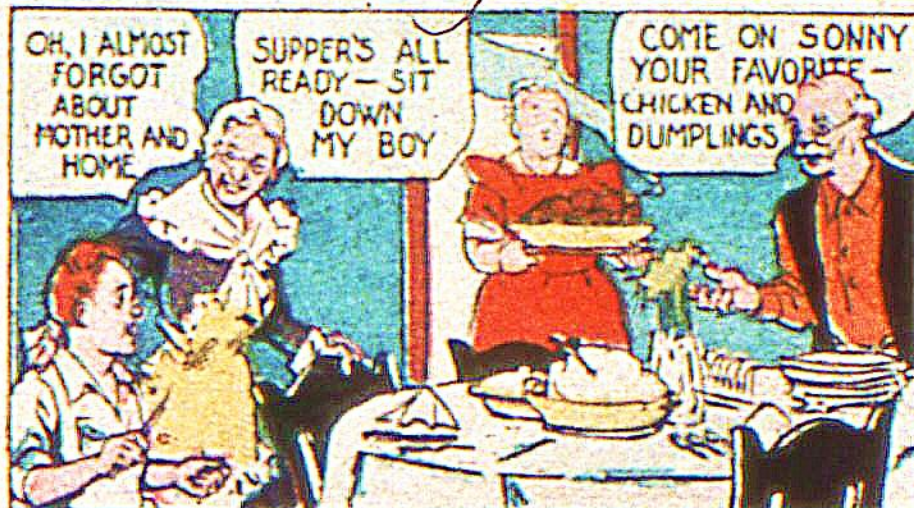
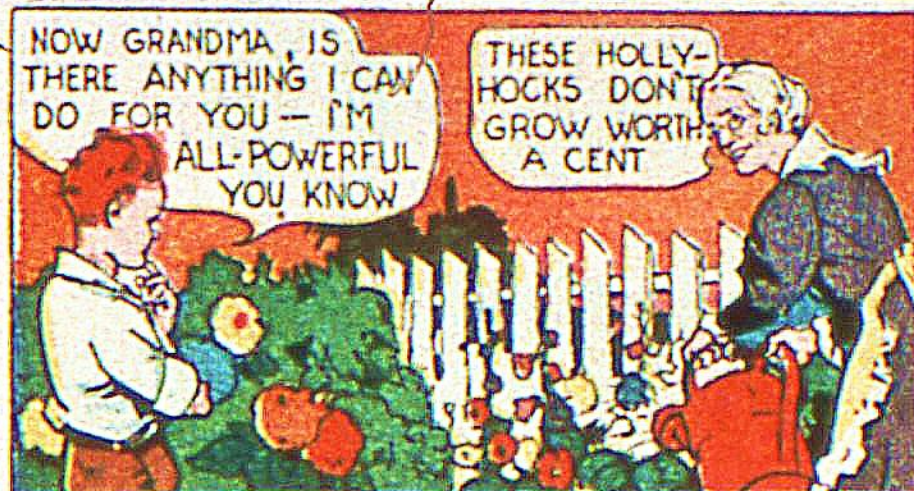
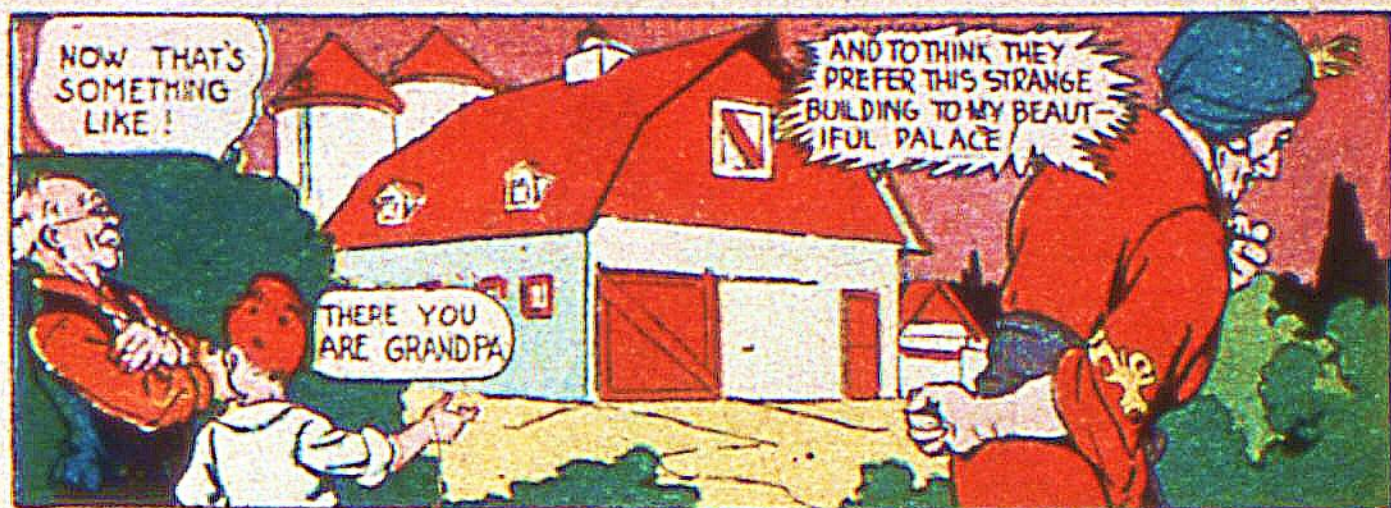


MY BEAUTIFUL BARN
DESTROYED FOREVER!

GO!

FOR THE
LAND SAKES

RED GOES TO WORK TO PRODUCE
THE KIND OF BARN HIS GRANDAD WOULD LIKE





IN THE MEANTIME HOME



RED HAS BEEN PRETTY QUIET UP THERE IN THE ATTIC.



IT'S NEARLY DINNER-TIME — I MUST CALL HIM



OH, RED! COME DOWN AND WASH FOR DINNER—DO HURRY!



HE DOESN'T ANSWER—I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S WRONG!



GOOD GRACIOUS!

I WISH MOM WERE HERE



IT MUST BE A CYCLONE!



H-H-HERE COMES MOM! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



DON'T BE AFRAID MOM—I BROUGHT YOU HERE BY MAGIC



BUT YOUR FATHER WILL BE WORRIED SICK!

FORGET IT MOM—I'LL HAVE THE GENI TAKE US HOME AT ONCE



OH MY! THIS IS WORSE THAN AN AEROPLANE

HANG ON—YOU'RE SAFE!

PRAISE BE TO CALLAH—THE DAY IS NEARLY OVER

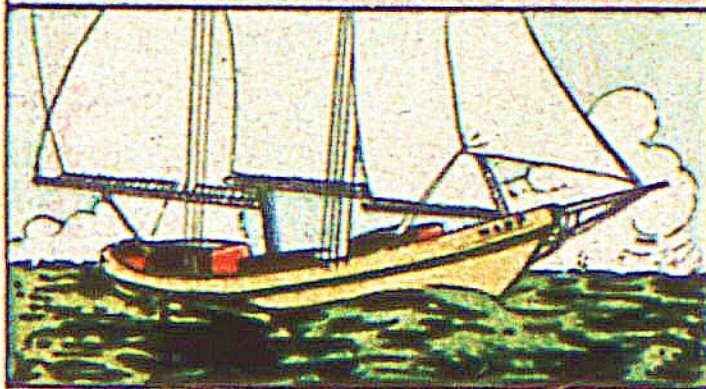
ANOTHER BOY MAGICIAN ADVENTURE SOON

CAPTAIN FEARLESS

By
MALCOLM
KILDALE...

WITH WANDERLUST
IN HIS POWERFUL BLOOD,
CAPTAIN FEARLESS RANGES
THE WIDE WORLD IN
SEARCH OF EXCITING
ADVENTURE... WHERE,
EVER THERE IS FIGHT,
TROUBLE, INTRIGUE,
THERE YOU'LL FIND
CAPTAIN FEARLESS
GOING INTO ACTION!

THE BLOCKADE-RUNNING SLOOP "THE WASP" — TWO
DAYS OUT OF CALCUTTA, INDIA, WITH MUNITIONS
FOR THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.



IN COMMAND IS CAPTAIN FEARLESS, YOUNG,
HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING FORMER
ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK. —



QUIETLY A STEALTHY FIGURE EDGES
UP BEHIND CAPTAIN FEARLESS WITH
A DRAWN DAGGER.



A SOLID SMACK AND
DOWN WENT CAPTAIN
FEARLESS' ASSAILANT.



CAPTAIN FEARLESS TURNS
TOWARD THE HELM WHEN—



SO WE HAVE A LITTLE
MUTINY TOO EH / O.K. YOU
RATS, LETS GET INTO
ACTION!



ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS, THE CAPTAIN
TAKES ON THE MUTINY CREW AS THEY
RUSH HIM IN AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE OVER
THE SHIP.



THOUGH THE ODDS WERE
GREAT, CAPTAIN FEARLESS
SEEMED TO BE HOLDING HIS OWN.



SUDDENLY A BELAYING PIN
GLANCED OFF HIS HEAD FROM
BEHIND AND HE FELL UNCONSCIOUS.



TAKE THAT WHITE DOG BELOW.
HE SHALL PAY FOR THE TROUBLE
HE'S CAUSED "TING LING"!



LATER IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN,
TING LING SPEAKS —



THAT AMERICAN DOG
MUST HAVE RECOVERED
NOW. BRING HIM HERE!

GREETINGS CAPTAIN FEARLESS,
YOU ARE A VERY TOUGH PERSON,
BUT *TING LING TAKE THAT OUT
OF YOU EH! HEH! HEH!



WHY YOU HOPHEADED LITTLE PIG!
IF I HAD TWO MINUTES ALONE
WITH YOU I'D MAKE A DISH OF
CHOW MEIN OUT OF YOUR HIDE!!



DOG! NO ONE TALKS TO TING LING
LIKE THAT! I SHOULD KILL YOU, BUT
YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO ME.
GUARDS, UNHAND HIM!



YEH! WELL
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

SOMETHING VERY SIMPLE. THE GUNS
AND AMUNITION ABOARD. WITH
THEM I WILL FORCE THE PEOPLE
OF THE TIEN SIN PROVINCE TO
YIELD.... TO JAPAN.



THEN TING LING'S DREAM OF BE-
ING APRINCE OF PROVINCE
BECOMES TRUE!



IT'S USELESS TO DISAGREE....
THE CREW IS IN MY PAY, AND I
COMMAND!



SO YOU'RE THE NEW SKIPPER?
WHAT ABOUT MY SHARE OF
PLUNDER SLANT EYES?





CAPTAIN FEARLESS WISELY PLAYS POSSUM AND SINKS OUT OF SIGHT

ME GOT HIM MASTER.

BAH / STUPID FOOLS I WANTED TO MAKE THAT AMERICAN DOG CRINGE



CAPTAIN FEARLESS BOBS TO THE SURFACE AFTER TAKING OFF HIS COAT, AND STRIKES OUT FOR SHORE THROUGH TREACHEROUS WATERS AS THE WASP ENTERS THE MOUTH OF A HIDDEN CLOVE



AS CAPTAIN FEARLESS SWIMS TOWARD SHORE THERE SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE HIM THREE FINS CUTTING THE WATER AND HEADING AT HIM — THE DREADED SHARKS

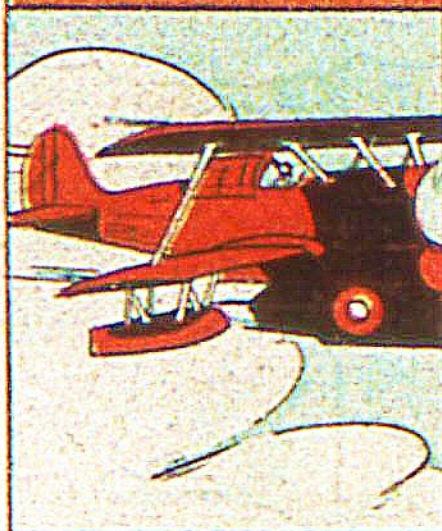


WITH NO WEAPON TO PROTECT HIMSELF CAPTAIN FEARLESS MUTTERS —

WELL I GUESS IT'S CURTAINS AND NOT EVEN A FIGHTING CHANCE!



AT THAT MOMENT HIGH OVERHEAD APPEARS A SEAPLANE WITH A FAMILIAR MARK



BOY THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME GUY DOWN THERE PLAYING TAG WITH A COUPLE O' SHARKS I GUESS HED APPRECIATE A LITTLE HELP FROM THE MARINES



SO, IN SAYING, LIEUT. DUGAN OF THE U.S. MARINES ON DUTY IN CHINESE WATERS SENDS HIS PLANE DIVING TOWARD THE WATER



UPON HITTING THE WATER NEAR CAPTAIN FEARLESS, A PONTON OF DUGAN'S HITS A SHARK THROWING IT CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER AS THE OTHERS SWIM FOR SAFER PLACES



HI-YA PAL! NICE PLAYMATES YOU HAVE! WERE THEY TEACHING YOU HOW TO SWIM?



THANKS F' YOUR HELP FELLA. THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

LATER DUGAN LANDS HIS SHIP ON A U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER PLOWING SWIFTLY THROUGH CHINA WATERS



AFTER CAPTAIN FEARLESS TELLS HIS STORY DUGAN ANNOUNCES:-

WELL TODAY IS MY LAST DAY IN THE SERVICE, I WAS THINKING OF SEEING CHINA AND YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I'D LIKE TO SEE IT WITH, IF YOU DON'T MIND?



SAYING, HE'D BE GLAD TO HAVE DUGAN WITH HIM, CAPTAIN FEARLESS AND DUGAN ARE SENT ASHORE ON A NAVY GIG.



AFTER OBTAINING HIS DISCHARGE DUGAN AND CAPTAIN FEARLESS WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF SHANGHAI LOOKING FOR A SMALL HOTEL



WELL I'M ON MY OWN AND CRAVE ACTION!

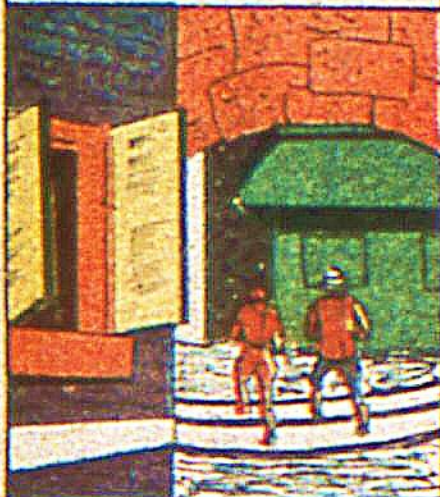
BOY, YOUR DUE FOR PLENTY OF IT WHEN WE MEET TING LING!



COME ON LET'S STOP IN THIS PLACE AND GET SOME REST. TOMORROW WE START FOR TING LING'S STRONG-HOLD!



NEXT DAY AT DAWN WE FIND OUR INTREPID PAIR WENDING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF SHANGHAI



WE'LL TAKE A BOAT UP THE RIVER AND MAKE FOR 500 CHOW-FROM THERE WE CAN TRAVEL OVER LAND TO FOO PING!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WHEN WE GET THERE?

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT LIKE THE DEVIL AND TRUST TO LUCK THAT WE'LL GET THE MUNITIONS BACK!



AS THEY NEAR THE DOCK —

LISTEN CAPTAIN
FEARLESS WE'RE
BEING FOLLOWED!



DUGAN TURNS AND —

YEOW!



WHY YOU DIRTY SLANT EYED
BABOON I'LL ILL — —

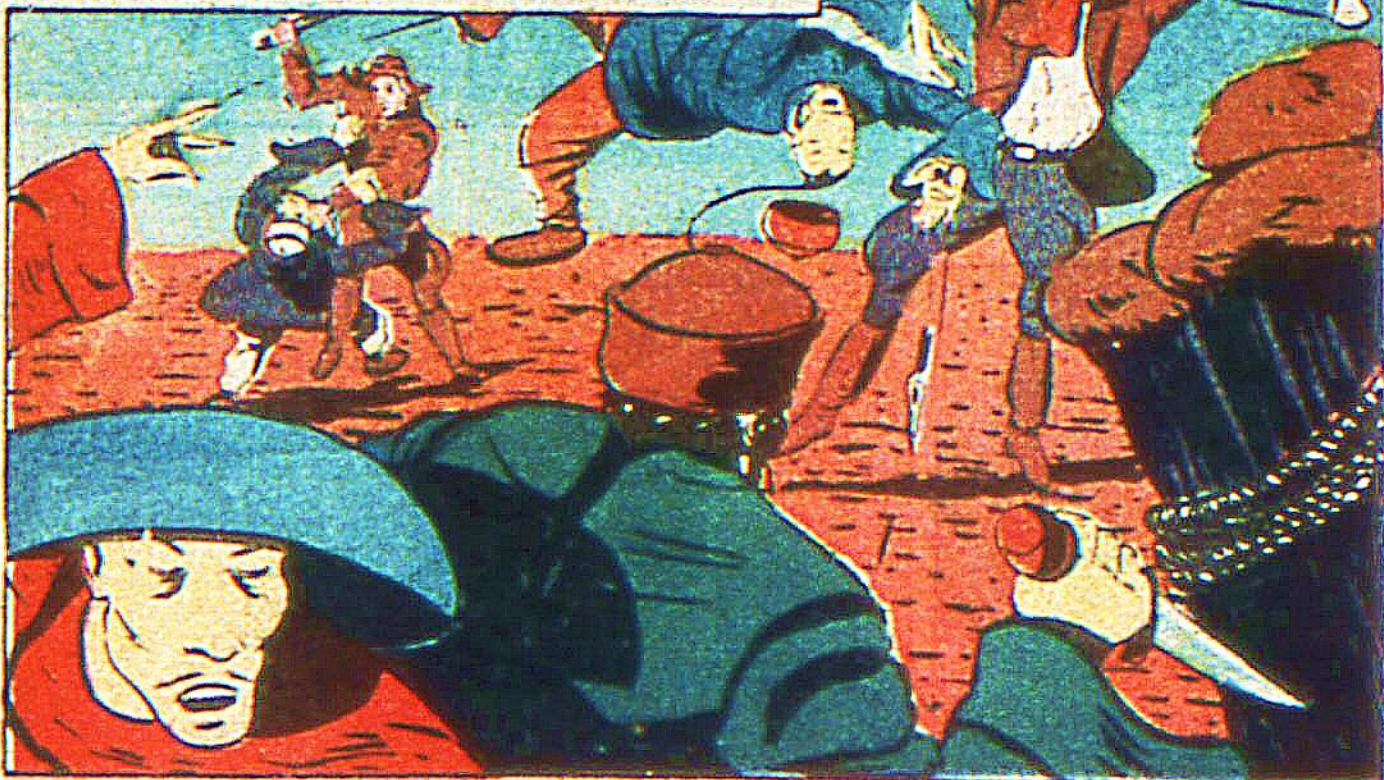


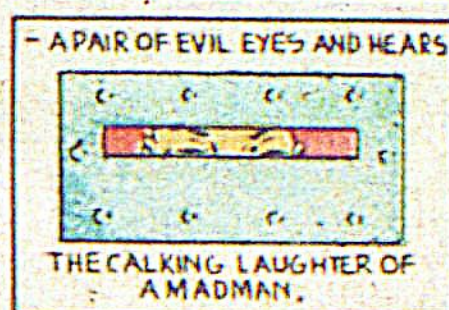
SUDDENLY AS
THOUGH COMING
UP OUT OF THE
GROUND APPEARS
A VICIOUS GROUP
OF THUGS,
SURROUNDING
CAPTAIN FEAR-
LESS AND
DUGAN

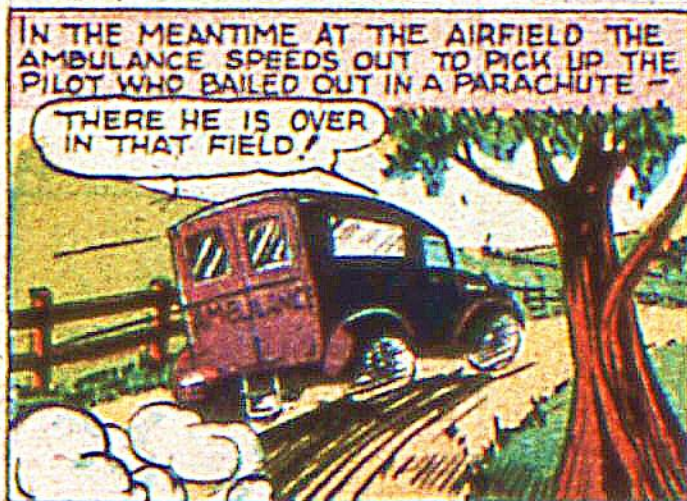
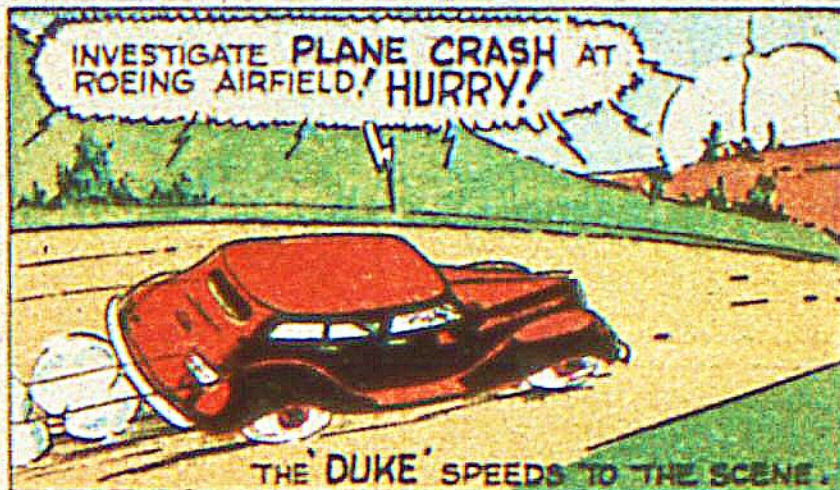
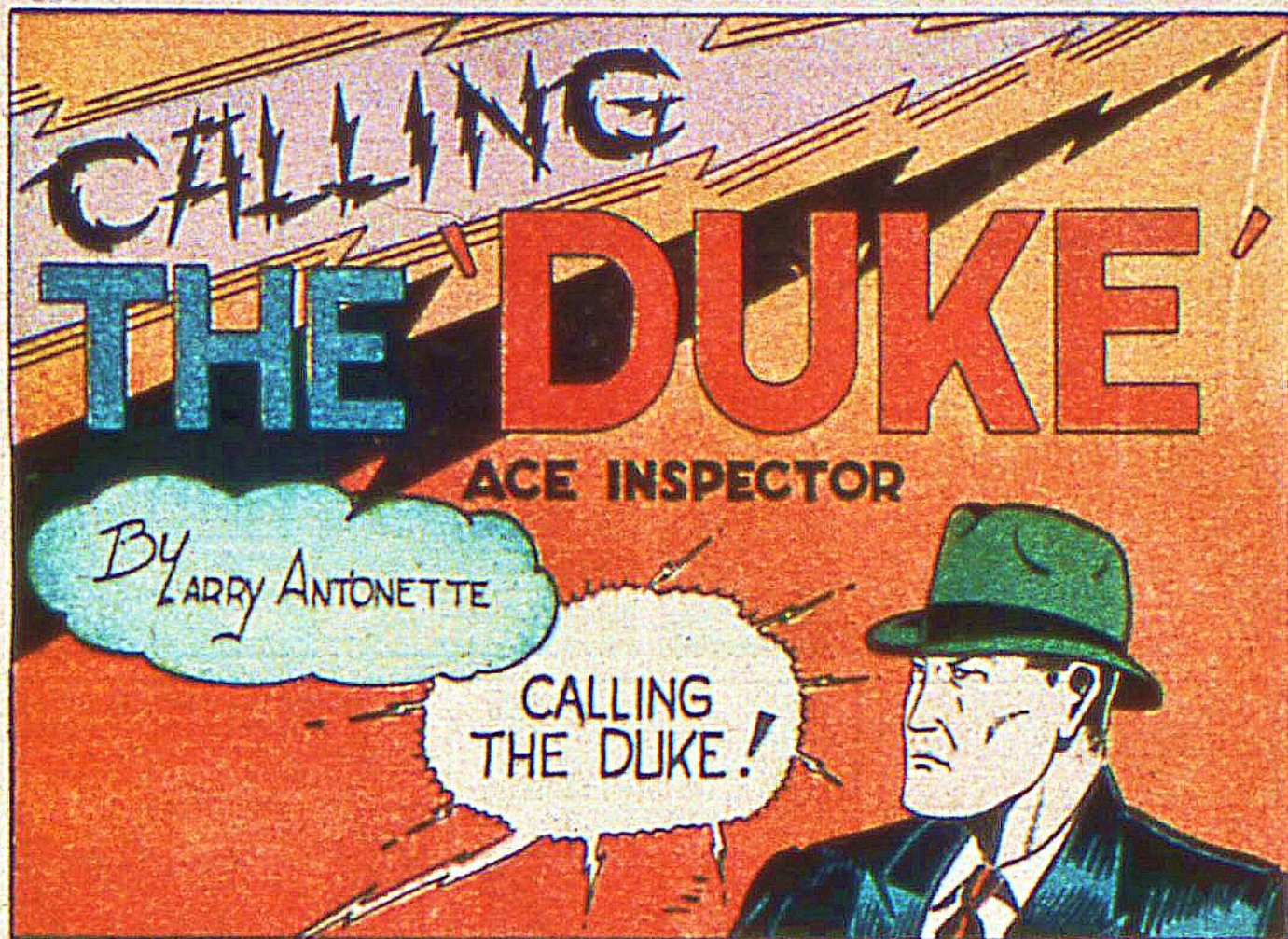
WELL PAL HERES
THAT ACTION YOU
WANTED!

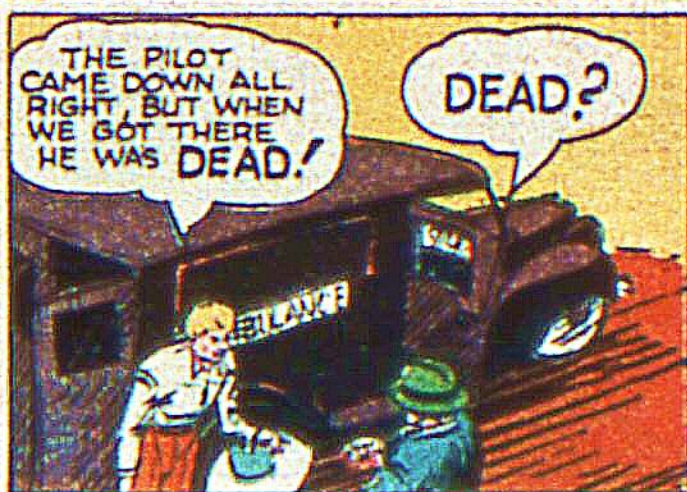


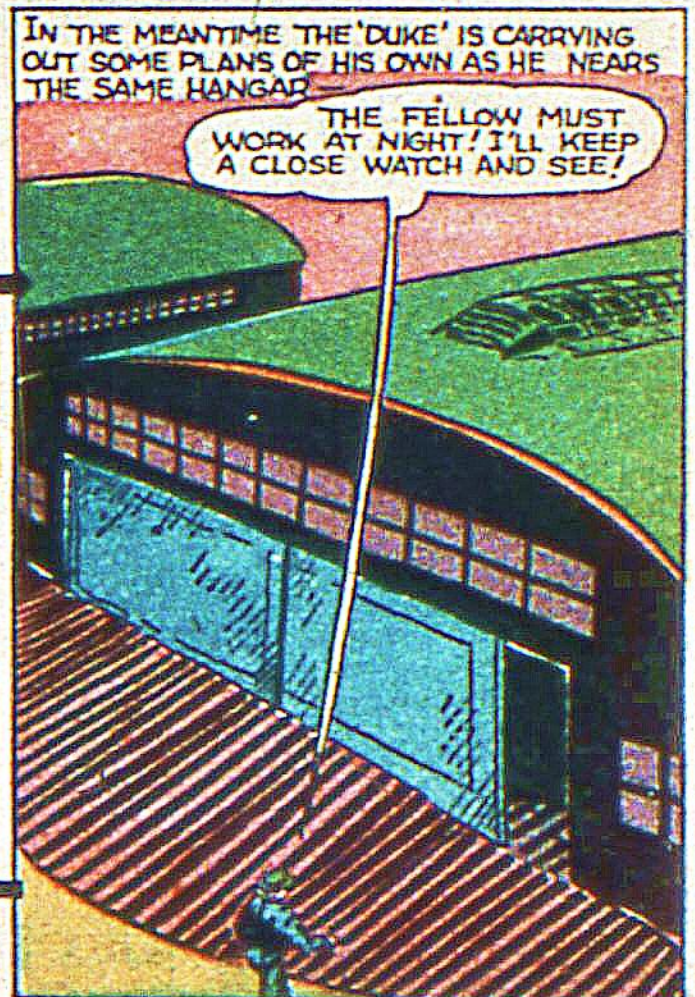
HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, CAPTAIN
FEARLESS AND DUGAN WADE INTO
THE GANG — FISTS, HATCHETS, BOXES
AND EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T NAIL-
ED DOWN IS SOON FLYING —
THICK AND FAST



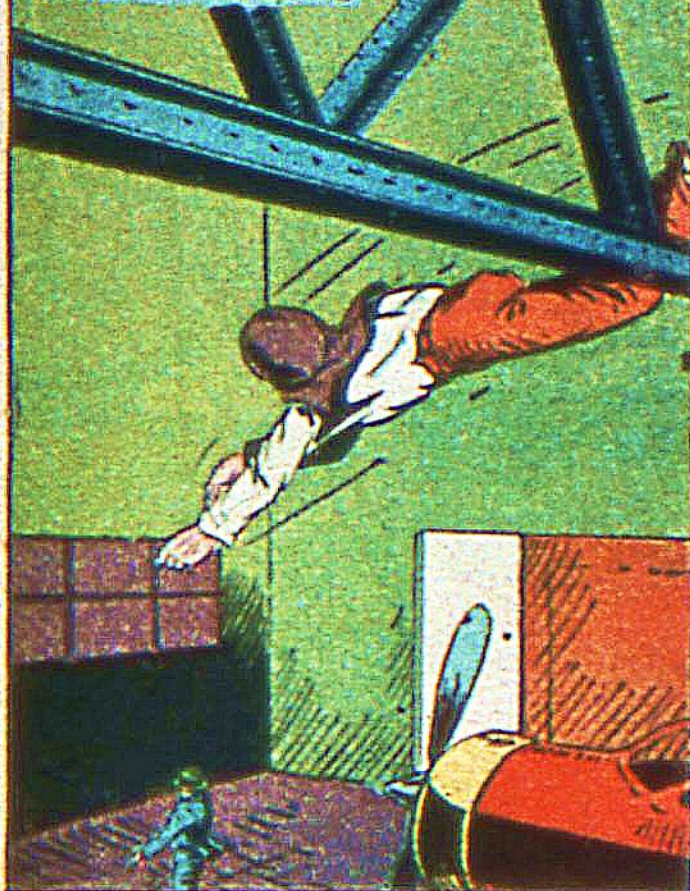








HIGH OVER-HEAD THE HOODED FIGURE
WATCHES THE 'DUKE'S' EVERY MOVE -
SUDDENLY HE LEAPS -



- THE DUKE IS CRASHED TO THE GROUND -



- BUT IS UP IN A FLASH SWINGING
HIS FISTS .



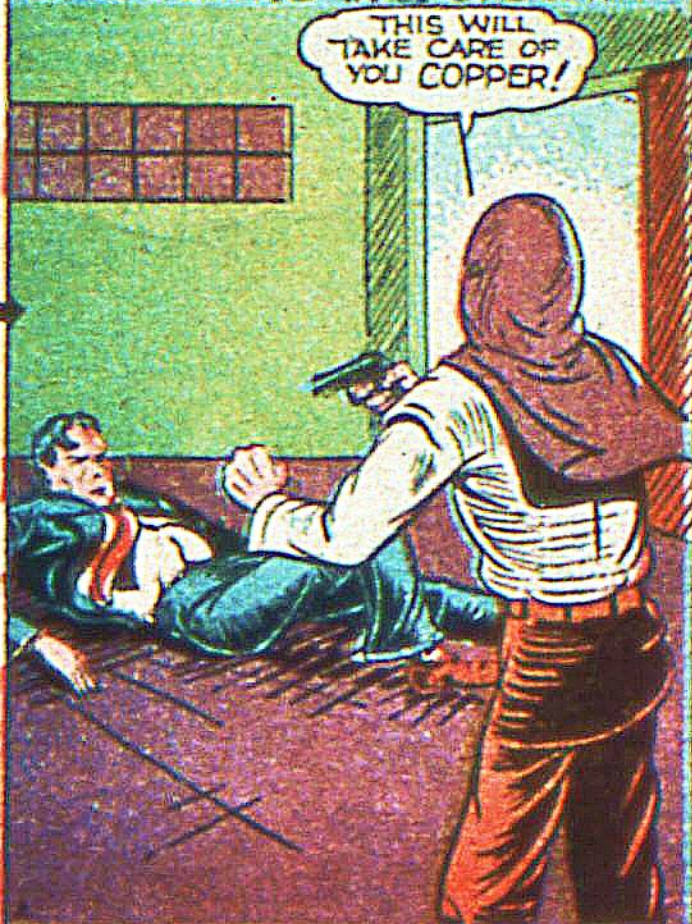
A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES



BUT THE DUKE, QUICKER ON THE TRIGGER,
SHOOTS THE GUN FROM THE OTHER'S HAND.



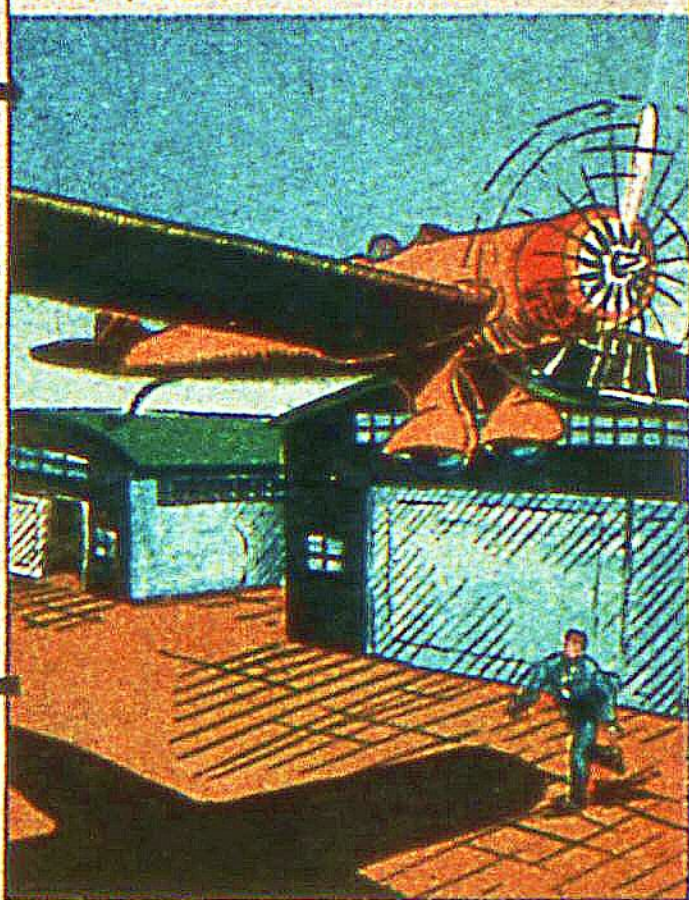
AS THE DUKE GOES DOWN THE INTRUDER
DRAWS A GUN AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM -



WITH A CRY OF PAIN THE HOODED
FIGURE TURNS AND RUNS.



THE DUKE PURSUES HIM BUT COMES OUT
OF THE HANGAR JUST IN TIME TO SEE
HIM TAKE OFF IN A PLANE.



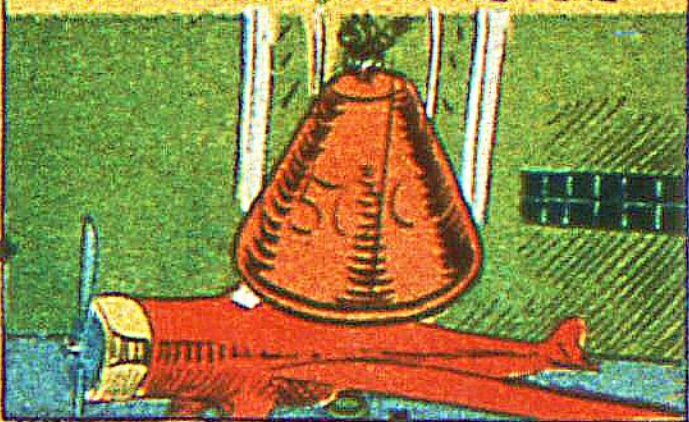
THE NEXT DAY THE DUKE CONTINUES
HIS INVESTIGATION!



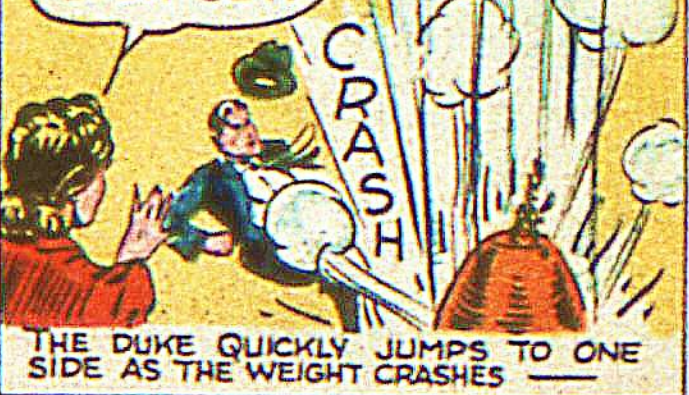
AS THE DUKE PASSES THROUGH ONE OF
THE HANGARS — HIGH ABOVE HIM UNDER
THE HANGAR ROOF A FLEETING FIGURE
MAKES A QUICK MOVE, AND —



— A WEIGHT COMES HURTLING
DOWN STRAIGHT FOR THE DUKE



DUKE!
LOOK OUT!



LOOKING UP, THE DUKE SPOTS THE FIGURE RUNNING FOR A WINDOW.

HE'S GOING FOR THE ROOF!



THE DUKE TRIES IN VAIN TO FIND A MEANS TO REACH THE HIGH ROOF.

SORRY, DUKE, WE HAVE NO LADDERS HIGH ENOUGH!

SKIP IT - I'LL GET THERE!



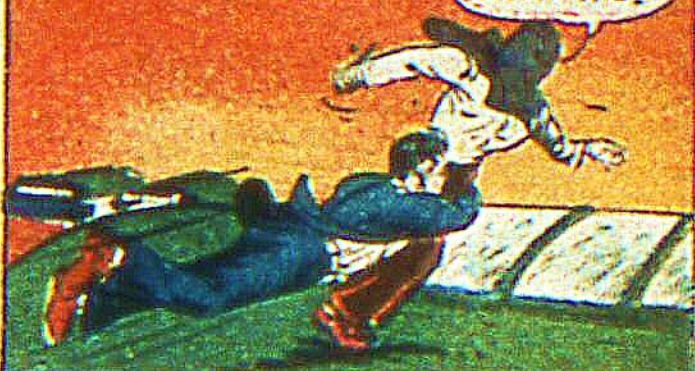
THE DUKE MAKES QUICK USE OF THE GLIDER CLUB'S SMALL CATAPULT! — AND —

WOW!
DID YOU SEE THAT!



-- MAKES A SURPRISE LANDING ON THE HANGAR ROOF AND MAKES A FLYING TACKLE FOR THE INTRUDER --

WHAT THE?



THE MAN WITH THE BANDAGED HAND FALLS THROUGH A SKYLIGHT --



--- BUT LANDS SAFELY ON A PILE OF BALLOON SILK ---



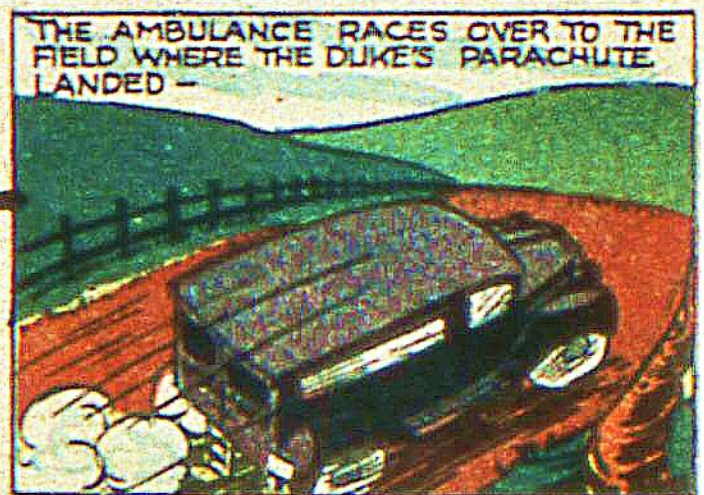
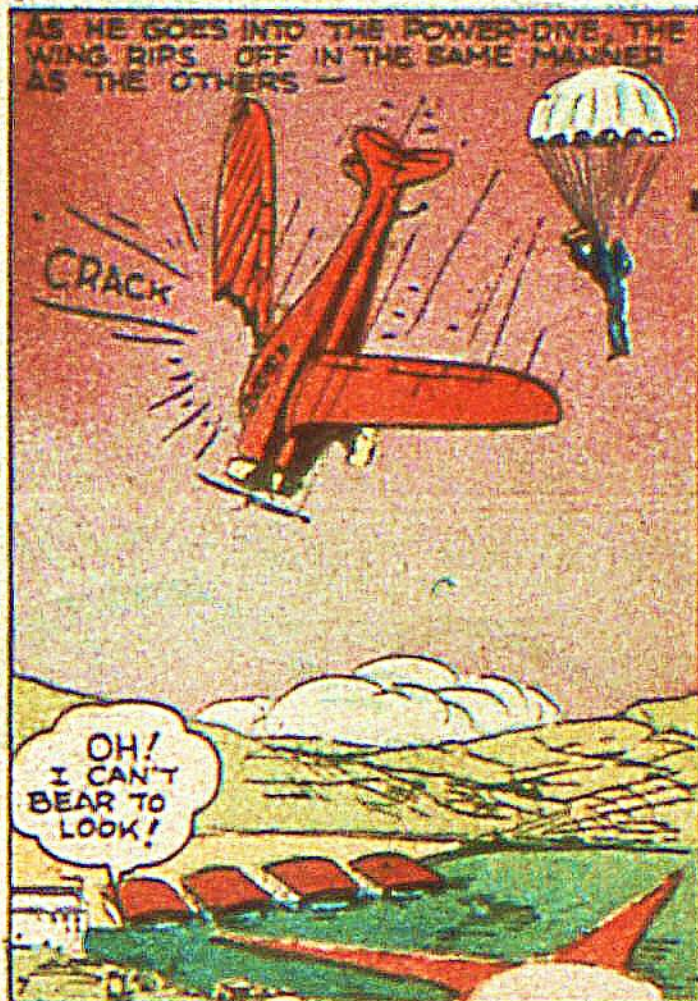
-- AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH A SIDE DOOR.

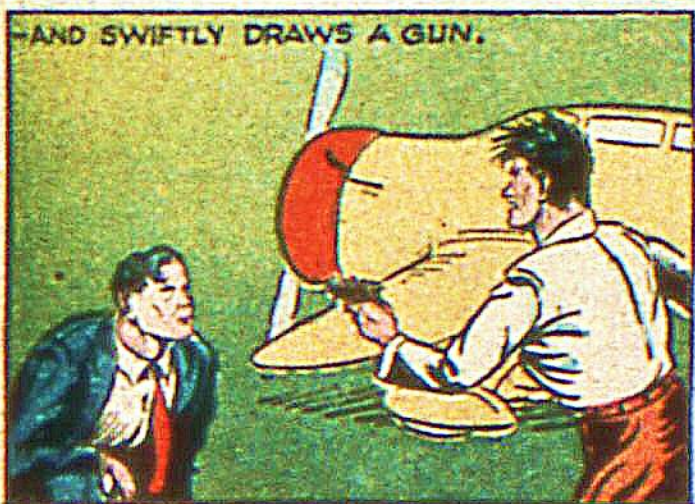
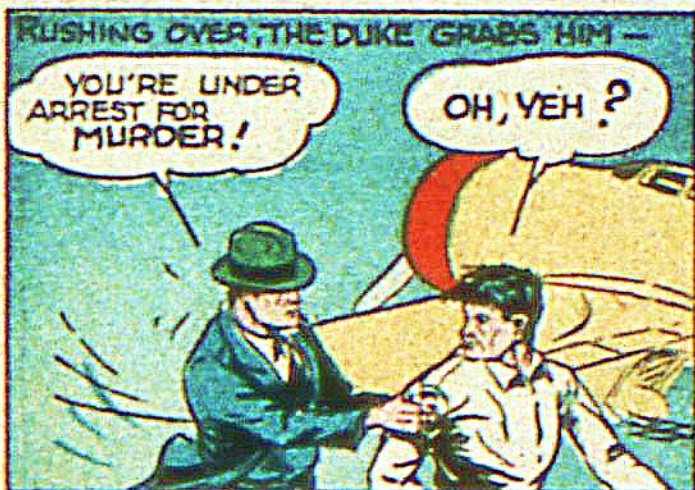
THERE HE GOES!



THAT'S THE MAN ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME!

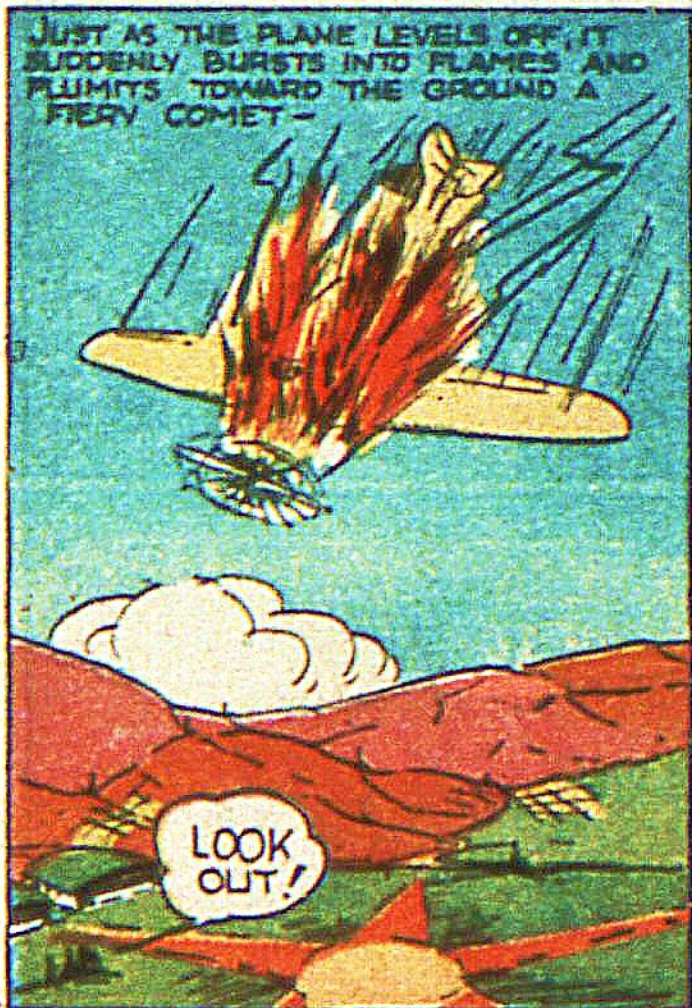
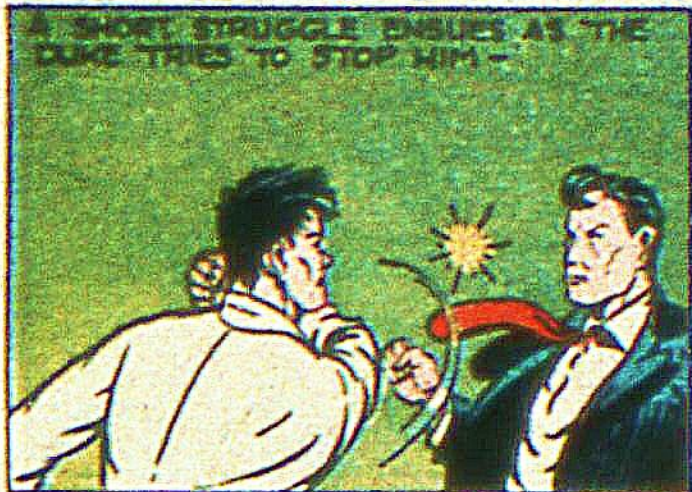
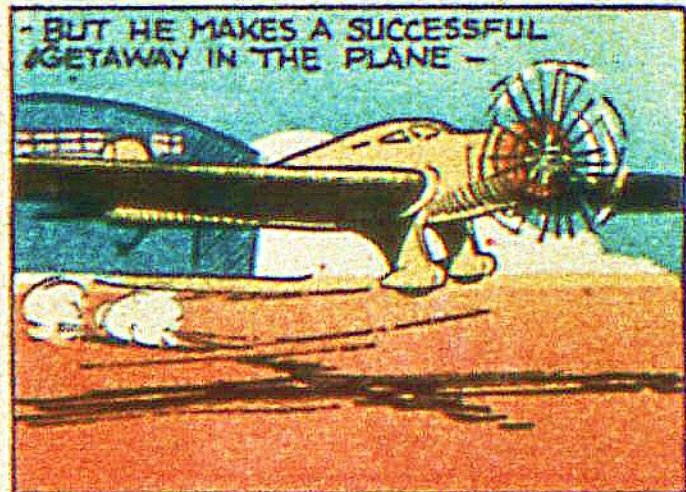
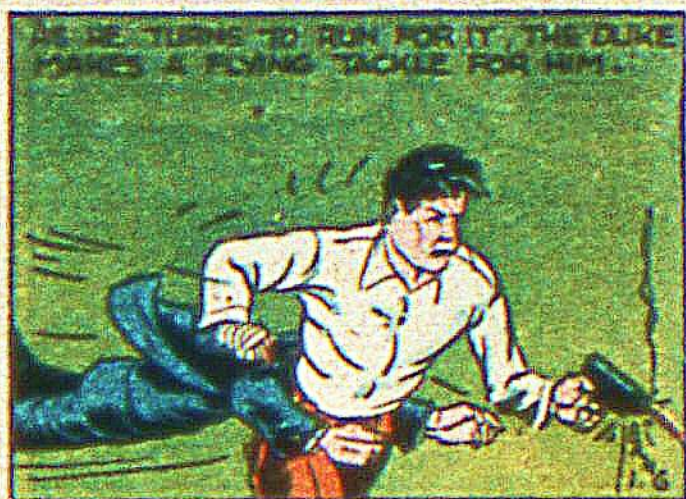








THE MURDERER SLOWLY BACKS TOWARD THE PLANE





RUDOLPH LAKE,
MANUFACTURER



BURTON SLADE, REPORTER

THE WASP

FEATURING CRIMES GREATEST
ENEMY IN THE "SPY RING" CASE

by JAY FLETCHER



PHILIP WINGATE,
BANKER



DAN ROBERTS, MECHANIC



YOU'VE SEEN THIS, OF COURSE, SLADE! ANYTHING NEW?

NOT YET, CHIEF!

AT THE OFFICES OF THE "DAILY FREE PRESS" EDITOR WILSON IS SPEAKING TO HIS STAR REPORTER, BURTON SLADE!



RA ★★ DAILY FREE PRESS
**BLUEPRINT OF ARMY PLANT
STOLEN FROM AIR BASE**

**Arms Hooks Sharks;
Why? Just a Hobby**

**Louis 200½ Lbs.
For Title Bout**

**PLANS OF
LATEST AR
BOMBER
MISSING
FILES.**

**ESPIONA
F.B.I. IN
RIGID IN
TO BE**

BY HALL



BUT THAT STOLEN BLUEPRINT IS NO GOOD UNLESS THEY GET THE ONE THAT GOES WITH IT! THE TWO MAKE A COMPLETE SET AND ONE IS USELESS WITHOUT THE OTHER!

THOSE CROOKS WILL HAVE TO GO SOME TO GET THE OTHER ONE, CHIEF!



HEY, CHIEF - WINGATE AND LAKE TO SEE YOU!

SEND 'EM IN - - HMM - THE TWO MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN TOWN! NOW WHAT WOULD THEY WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT - - OKAY.

SLADE - GET GOIN' - I WANT A GOOD STORY!



GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN - WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

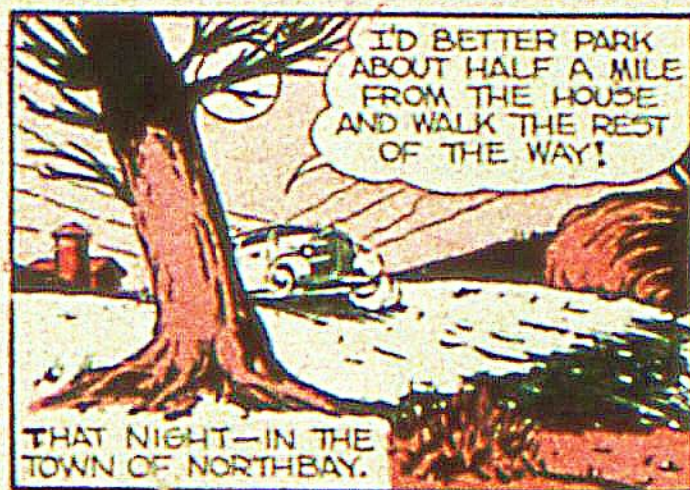
WILSON, IN VIEW OF TODAY'S HEADLINES, LAKE AND MYSELF ARE FORMING A NEW CLUB IN TOWN TO BE DEVOTED TO AMERICANISM!

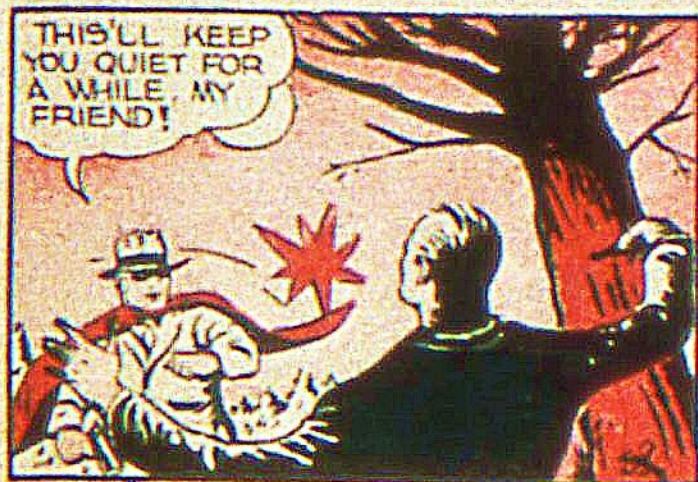
AND WE WOULD LIKE SOME PUBLICITY!

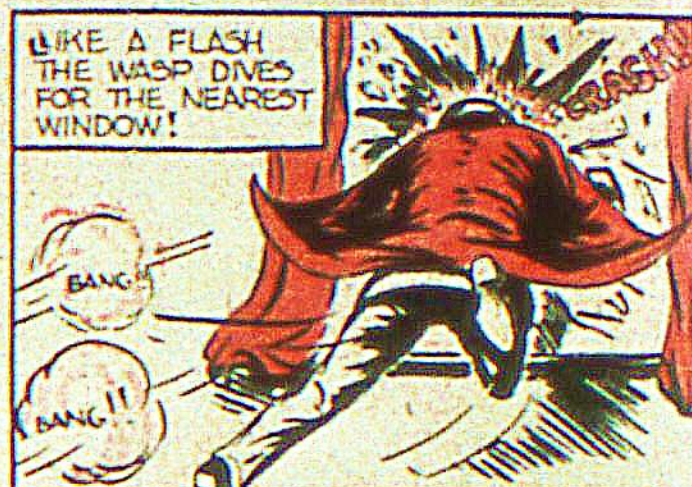


HERE ARE THE DETAILS AND A LIST OF OUR MEMBERS. ALL PROMINENT MEN! WE'D ALSO LIKE TO INCLUDE YOU AS A MEMBER, WILSON!

A GREAT MOVE, GENTLEMEN, AND OF COURSE I'LL JOIN! WE MUST DO OUR SHARE TO PROTECT AMERICA!









AT DAWN A MAN WAITS BESIDE HIS LAUNCH BY THE WATERFRONT!

I WONDER WHERE LUDWIG IS???



SUDDENLY—



AH—A CAR'S PULLING UP OVER THERE! MUST BE THEM! HERE'S HOPIN' I CAN GET ON THAT SHIP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ANOTHER MAN TAKES HIS PLACE—BURTON SLADE!



IT'S US, MAX—QUICK, TAKE US OUT TO THE SHIP—I SEE SHE JUST LEFT—AS I ORDERED!

YEAH, CAPN—WE'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY—C'MON!



HERE WE ARE! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT WASP GUY!

SO WOULD I, ROBERTS!



AS SOON AS SLADE IS ON THE SHIP, HE MAKES FOR THE RADIO ROOM—

GOOD! NOBODY IN!



DONNING HIS CAPE AND MASK, THE WASP HASTENS TO SEND A MESSAGE...

AND NOW I'LL CALL ON OUR COAST GUARD!



ON BOARD A COAST GUARD CUTTER—

MESSAGE JUST CAME IN, SIR! THAT FREIGHTER LEAVING PIER 39 IS A SPY-SHIP!

WHAT? FULL SPEED AHEAD!



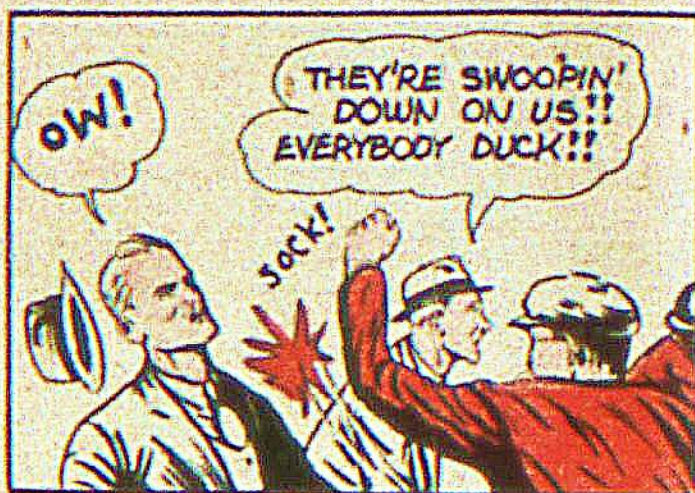
BACK ON THE SPY SHIP!

HANDS UP, MEDDLER—WHAT TH—!!—THE WASP!! HOW DID—? NEVER MIND, WAIT'LL TH' BOYS GET YOU UP ON DECK—MOVE!!



SO, WASP WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST, EH? THERE'LL BE NO MORE OF YOUR CRUSADING!! FIRST WE'LL FIND OUT WHO YOU —

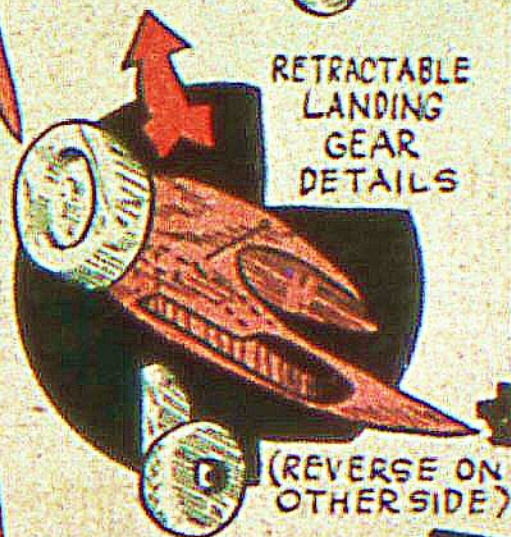
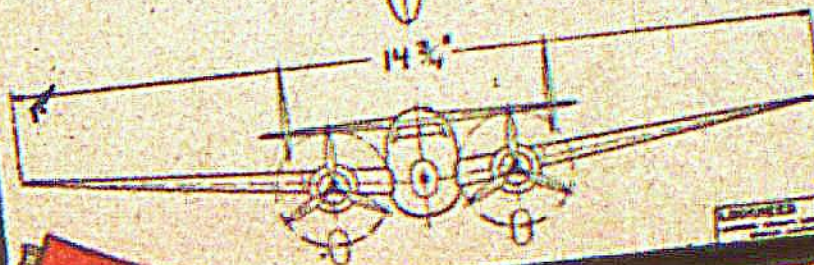
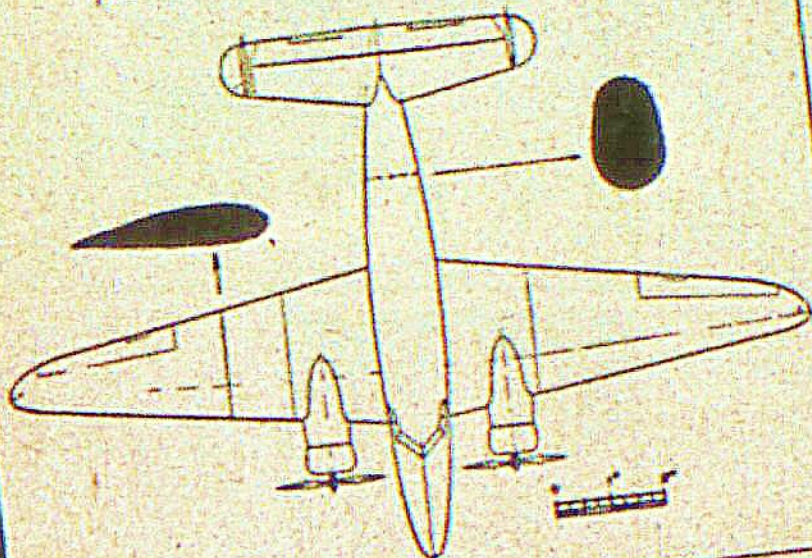
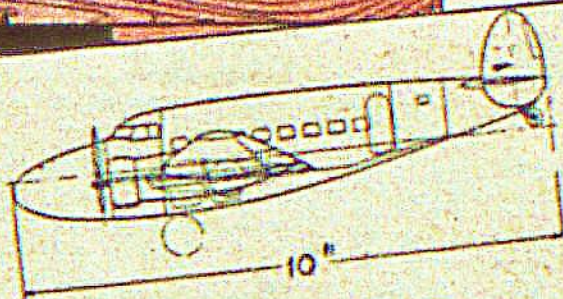
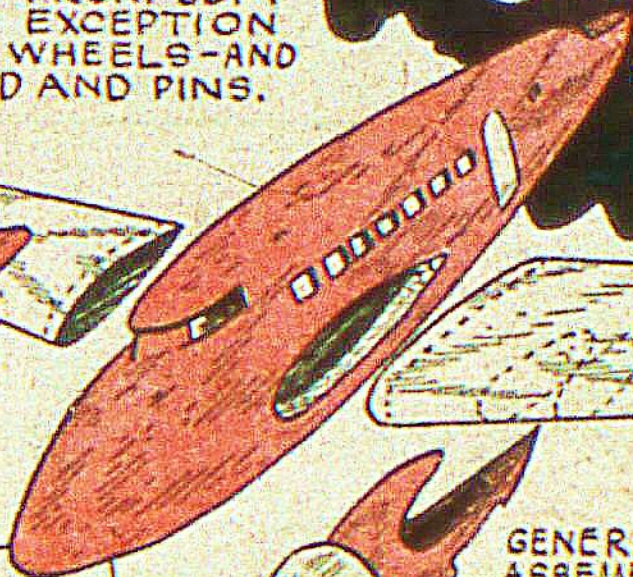
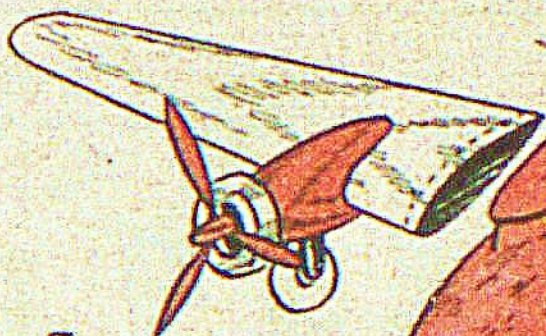
WINGATE!! LOOK—ARMY BOMBERS!!



By *Ray*

Make this SOLID SCALE MODEL of the "LOCKHEED 14"

THE ENTIRE PLANE IS CARVED FROM SOFT BALSA-WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE PROPELLORS AND WHEELS-AND IS ASSEMBLED WITH AMBROID AND PINS.



TAIL ASSEMBLY
DETAIL



BARRY LANE

THE ADVENTURE-HUNTER

IN "MESA JUSTICE"

By S. B. DAHLMAN

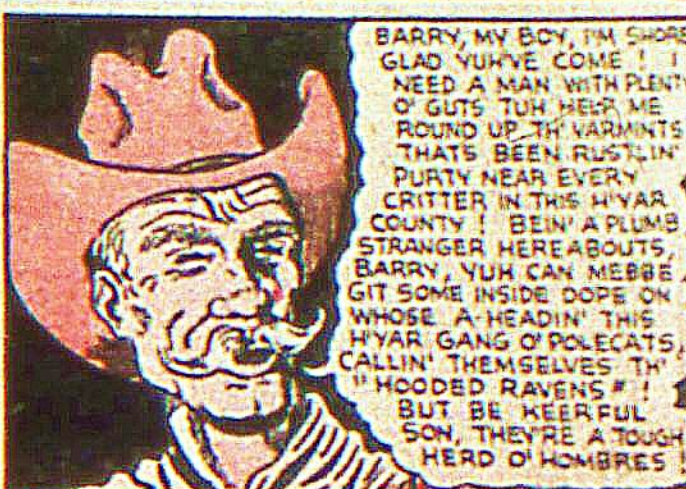
BARRY LANE, DYNAMIC YOUNG ADVENTURER, HAS RECEIVED A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND, SHERIFF PAT BOWERS OF PINE GULCH, WYOMING...



BARRY, ALWAYS IRRESISTIBLY ATTRACTED TO THE CALL OF ACTION IS SOON ABOARD A SPEEDING TRAIN, BOUND FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!



LATER, HE ARRIVES AT PINE GULCH -







WYSE, THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO RESPECT A REAL GUN-SLINGER - IF ANY OF TH' REST OF YUH AIMS T' PICK A BONE WITH ME, - NOW'S YORE CHANCE!



SAY PARDNER, YUH SHORE ARE HANDY WITH A SHOOTIN' IRON! MY NAME'S MATT BLAKE, N' I'M POW-ERFUL GLAD T' KNOW YUH!



IN CASE YORE INTRESTED MY WHOLE IS GROSS, - BUT I'M MOSTLY CALLED "BLACK-JACK" - THINGS GOT TO HOT FER ME ON TH' BORDER SO I MOSEYED UP HERE, RIGHT PRONTO - AN' I'M AIMIN' T' STAY A-WHILE!



BLAKE SUBTLY HINTS TO BARRY THAT, IF HE SO WISHED, HE COULD OBTAIN 'EASY-MONEY' BY JOINING IN WITH HIS 'PARDNERS', AND BARRY REALIZING THAT HE MAY BE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE 'HOODED-RAVENS', IMMEDIATELY ACCEPTS

BOYS, MEET "BLACK-JACK" OUR NEW WRANGLER!



WELL, BLACK-JACK, I MAY AS WELL GIVE YUH TH' LOW-DOWN, - WE NEED A GUN-MAN LIKE YERSELF, AN' TONIGHT WERE MAKIN' A RADICK A RIGHT FAT HERD OF WAGGERS, TH' GANG MEETS TONIGHT AT MID-NIGHT IN TH' TREES BEHIND JOHN BRADLEY'S RANCH. HE'S GOT A HERD O' YEARLINGS WHICH OUGHT T' FITTEN OUR BANK-ROLL CONSIDER-ABLE - ANOTHER THING YOULD HIFTA WEAR A HOOD, CLE. YORE NOW A HONORABLE MEMBER O' TH' ORDER O' 'HOODED-RAVENS'!



O.K. BOSS, I GOTCHA! AN' I'LL BE THERE, BUT RIGHT NOW I CRAVE VITTLES! - SO UN-TIL MIDNIGHT - ADIOS, AMIGOS!



BARRY PRETENDS TO BE ON HIS WAY TO THE "GREASY SPOON" RESTAURANT BUT INSTEAD, UPON LEAVING THE SALOON, HE CIRCLES THE BLOCK AND ARRIVES AT THE REAR OF SHERIFF BOWERS' OFFICE

THAT'LL BE THE BEST NEWS OLD PAT EVER HEARD!



PAT! I'VE HAD MARVELOUS LUCK! I'VE DISCOVERED IDENTITY OF THE "HOODED-RAVENS" AND AM NOW A MEMBER OF THEIR GANG! THEY'RE HEAD-ED BY MATT BLAKE AND TONIGHT THEY'RE GO-ING TO RUSTLE BRADLEY'S HERD. - I'LL HAVE TO MEET THEM AS I PROMISED, BUT PAT, YOU HAVE YOUR POSSE ON HAND!

WE'LL BE THERE, SON!

THAT NIGHT, BARRY, WEARING A HOOD, GALLOPS THRU THE NIGHT FOR THE MID-NIGHT RENDEZVOUS.



MEANWHILE, SHERIFF PAT BOWERS HAS HIS POSSE IN FULL READINESS, STATIONED, OUT OF SIGHT, BEHIND A HUGE BOULDER ON THE SCENE OF THE OUT-LAW'S MEETING PLACE.



BLAKE AND HIS MEN ARE SOON GATHERED AND ARE GIVEN INSTRUCTIONS BY THEIR LEADER.



ALL RIGHT MEN! LET'S GET GOIN'. WE'LL ROUND UP TH' HERD IN TH' SOUTHEAST CORNER O' TH' PASTURE AN' THEN CUT TH' FENCE. RED AN' ACE, KEEP LOOKOUT BY TH' PASS!

BEHIND THE BOULDER, SHERIFF BOWERS, LIKEWISE, SPEAKS TO HIS MEN.



MAY AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH BOYS! CHARGE AN' TAKE 'EM ALIVE, IF YUH CAN!

WITH A WHOOP THE POSSE CHARGES, FIRING IN THE AIR!



NORE UNDER ARREST IN TH' NAME O' TH' LAW!

BLAKE IMMEDIATELY SUSPECTS THE NEW MEMBER, "BLACK-JACK", AND HE TURNS ON BARRY.



DANG YUH! I'LL PLUG YORE LYIN' HEART!

BETTER NOT DRAW BLAKE, OR YOUR A DEAD MAN!

BLAKE'S MEN HAVE DECIDED ON RESISTANCE AND THE BATTLE RAGES FURIOUSLY!



DISREGARDING BARRY'S GUN AND IN A FRENZY OF FEAR, BLAKE GALLOPS HIS HORSE IN MAD FLIGHT, WHILE BARRY SPURS HIS MOUNT IN HOT PURSUIT!



NOT SO FAST, MR "HOODED RAVEN", YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE LAW!

BARRY UNLOOSEMS HIS LARIAT AND WHIRLS IT AS HE THUNDERS ON!



WITH A MIGHTY SWING, HE SENDS THE LASSO HURTLING THRU THE AIR. IT SWOOPS LIKE A SNAKE ABOUT BLAKE'S SHOULDERS!



THE FALLEN BLAKE ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT, BUT LIKE A FLASH BARRY DISMOUNTS AND WITH A SNEEDING KICK SENDS THE RUSTLER'S GUN FLYING!



THE TWO MEN ENGAGE IN A VICIOUS SLUG-FEST!



BARRY'S ATHLETIC BUILD AND YOUTHFUL STAMINA, HOWEVER, TELLS, AND BLAKE IS FELLED WITH A SMASHING BLOW, THOROUGHLY BEATEN!



HE RETURNS WITH HIS CAPTIVE, TO FIND THE SHERIFF'S POSSE VICTORIOUS AND WITH THE RUSTLER'S HAND-CLIPPED IN THEIR SADDLES.



NEXT MORNING, BARRY BIDS THE SHERIFF FAREWELL.



NEXT ISSUE - "THE GHOST OF KIRKWOOD CASTLE!" DON'T MISS THIS BLOOD-CHILLING EPISODE OF HORRORS IN AN OLD BRITISH MANSION! THE END

SPIRIT MAN

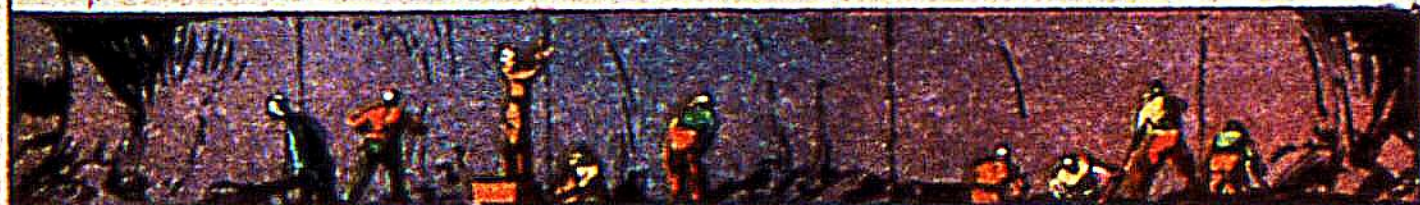
SPIRIT MALCOLM, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SPIRITMAN, AND HIS LOYAL FRIEND RAY WILLIAMS, WHO FIGHT ALL CRIMINALS, ARE TUNING IN THE "FUTURSCOPE"—A MACHINE THAT PROJECTS ON A SCREEN ANY ACTION THAT IS GOING ON IN ANY PART OF THE EARTH... AND SPIRITMAN, LIKE A TRUE SPIRIT, ARRIVES, UNSEEN WHERE EVER HE WILLS IT... SUDDENLY, ONE DAY, THE "FUTURSCOPE" REVEALS A STARTLING SCENE—

A LITTLE MORE ON THE SPACE CONTROL—HOW'S THE TIME CONTROL?

THE TIME CONTROL IS O.KAY! — BUT I HAVE CORRECTED IT FOR LONGITUDE!

WE ARE NEAR THE MAIN TUNNEL! HAVE THEM PASS IN THE ELECTRIC CONNECT-ORS!

—JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES AND WE'LL BE THRU!





ALL SET! LET'S GO!



I GOT IT!!-

QUICK FRITZ-
GRAB THE
SEAT!

WHAT
TH--!!



QUICK! -WE
HAVE TO
WORK FAST
BEFORE WE'RE
DISCOVERED!

THAT ONE
SHOULD
HOLD HIM!

UH-
UGH!



WELL-SHE TESTS
ALL RIGHT-EXCEPT
FOR THE DIRECTION
LOCATER!

DIDN'T IT SEEM FUNNY TO YOU!
-THEY LOOKED LIKE COAL
MINERS TUNNELING THRU FOR
BOOTLEG COAL-YET, THERE'S
SOMETHING STRANGE-H-H-H!

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM--



-TUNE THEM IN AGAIN!
QUICK!-IF I'M RIGHT, THOSE
MEN ARE NOT MINERS!-
-THEY'RE CRIMINALS-
-BREAKING IN THE NEW
U.S. GOLD DEPOSITORY VAULTS



RIGHT! -IT'S A LUCKY THING
I DIDN'T DISTURB THIS
DIAL SETTING! -NOW WATCH



C'MON!-WE'VE
GOT TO WORK
FASTER!
-WE DON'T
KNOW WHAT
MINUTE WE'LL
BE DISCOVERED



BE CAREFUL OF
THOSE WIRES!-IF ONE
WERE BROKEN, THE
ALARM WOULD GO OFF
AND ELECTROCUTE US!



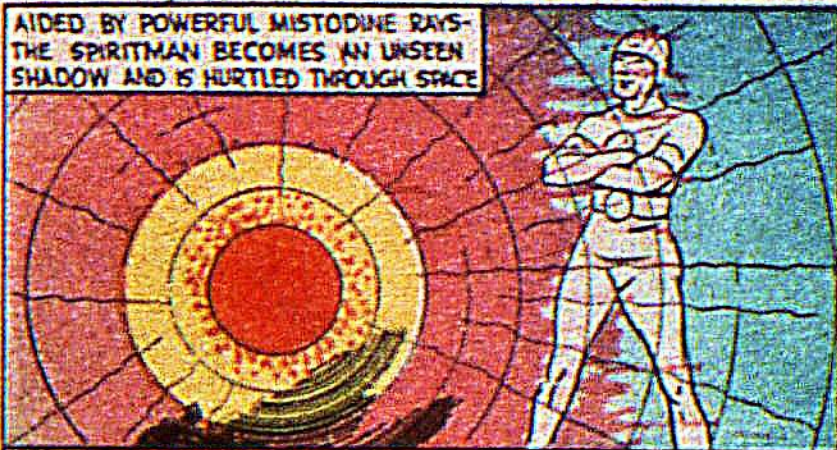
HURRIEDLY, THE MEN REMOVE THE GOLD-



QUICK, RAY!!
-SET THE BIG
MISTODINE GOING!

IT'S
ALREADY
STARTED!

AIDED BY POWERFUL MISTODINE RAYS-
THE SPIRITMAN BECOMES AN UNSEEN
SHADOW AND IS HURTLED THROUGH SPACE



THE SPIRITMAN
DESCENDS NEAR
THE LOADED
TRUCK!



UNSEEN TO THE CREW THE SPIRITMAN WATCHES...



ALL SET NOW!
PULL AWAY!

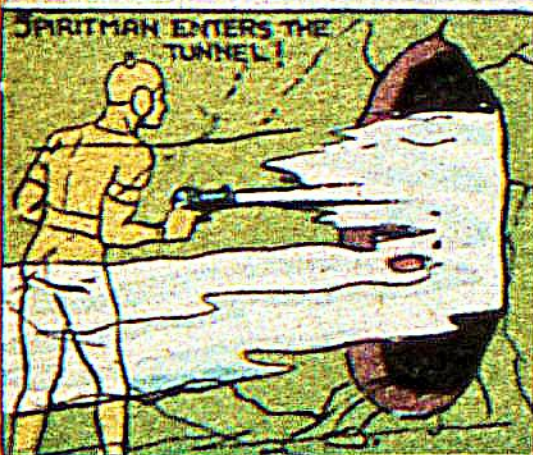
OK BOSS

WE'LL GO INSIDE AND STORE
THE GOLD IN THE MOUTH OF THE
TUNNEL- SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY
TROUBLE WITH THE NEXT LOADING!



I'LL BE GLAD
WHEN THIS
IS OVER AND
DONE WITH!
-IT GIVES ME
THE CREEPS!

SPIRITMAN ENTERS THE
TUNNEL!



AND FIRES A
VOLLEY FROM
HIS POWERFUL
MISTODINE
GUN.



WHAT WAS IT?
-SOUNDED LIKE
AN EXPLOSION!

-THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED
WITH TONS OF ROCK!-WE'RE
TRAPPED LIKE RATS!

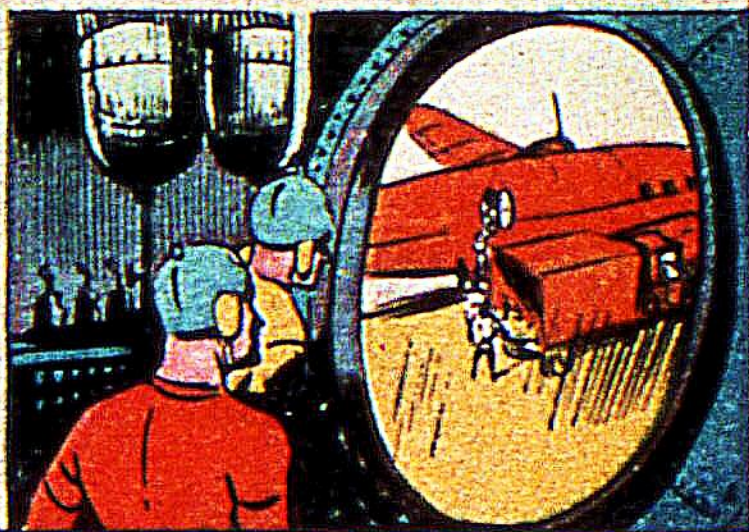
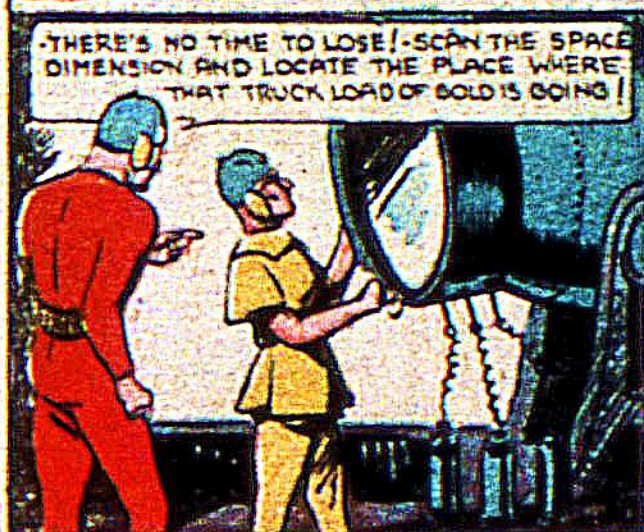
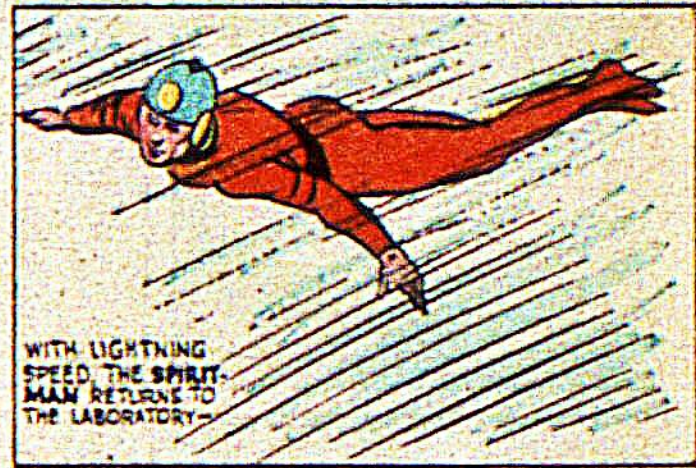
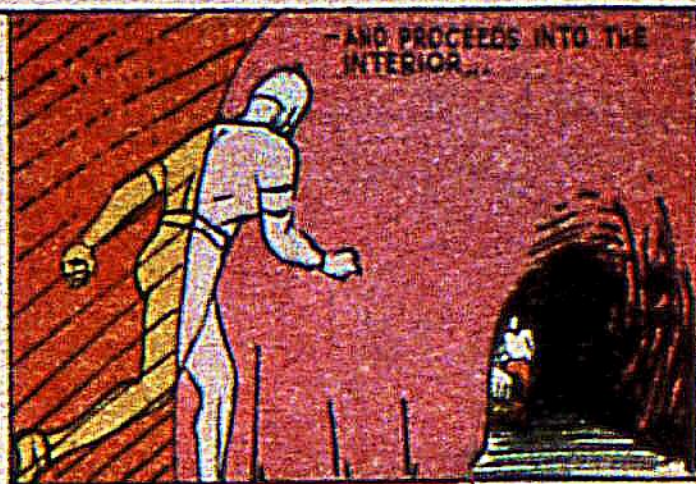
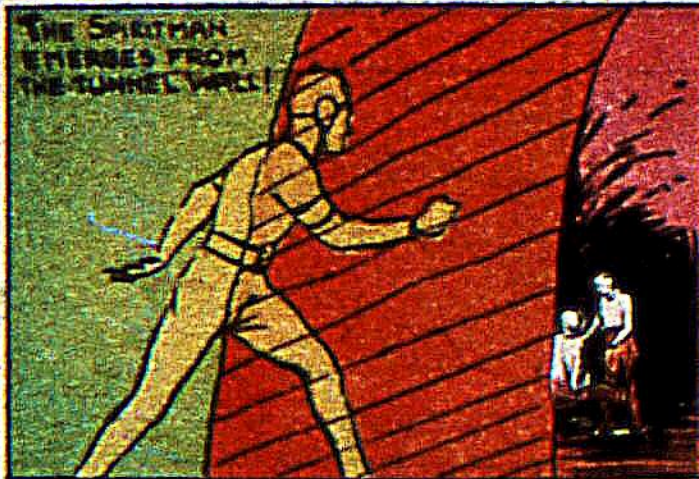
-SEEMED TO
COME FROM
OUR TUNNEL!



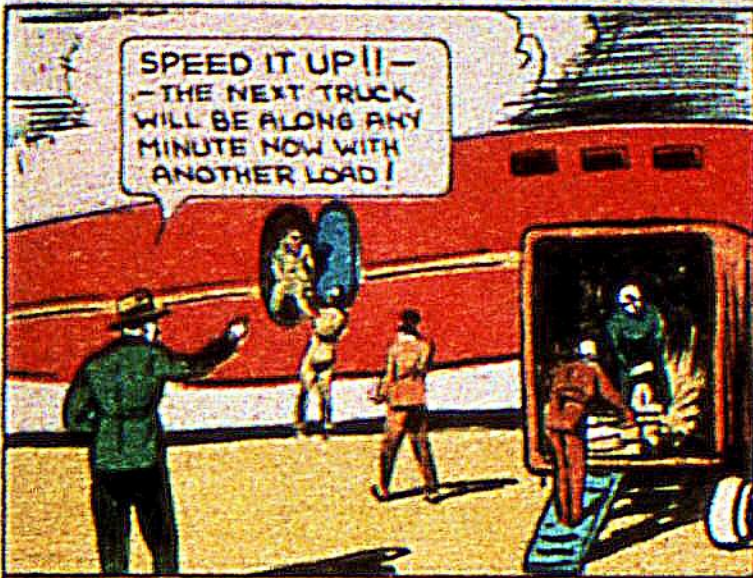
WHAT WILL
WE DO
NOW?

IF THE HIGH
TENSION ELEC-
TRIC SYSTEM
DON'T GET US -
THE GUARDS' LL
NAB US AS
WE GO
OUT!

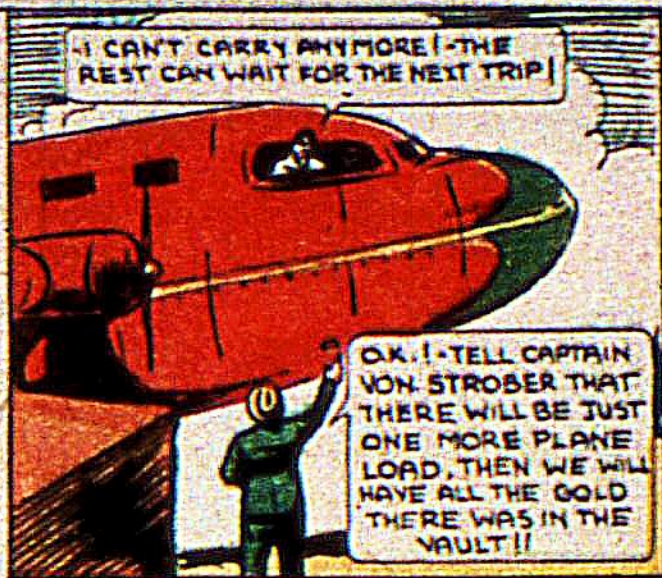




SPEED IT UP!!—
—THE NEXT TRUCK
WILL BE ALONG ANY
MINUTE NOW WITH
ANOTHER LOAD!

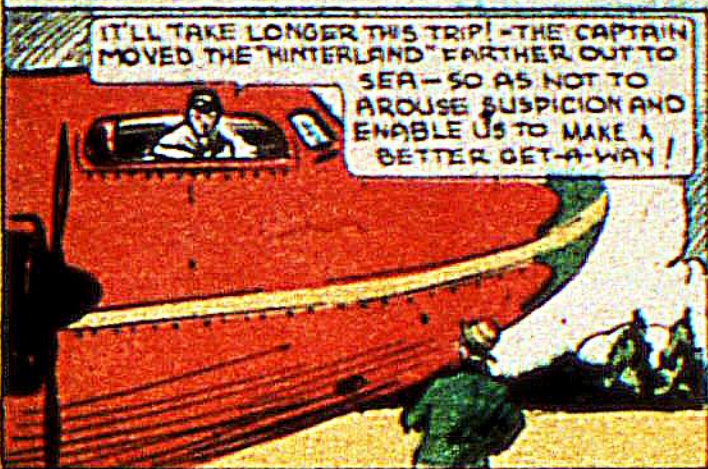


I CAN'T CARRY ANYMORE!—THE
REST CAN WAIT FOR THE NEXT TRIP!



OK!—TELL CAPTAIN
VON STROBER THAT
THERE WILL BE JUST
ONE MORE PLANE
LOAD, THEN WE WILL
HAVE ALL THE GOLD
THERE WAS IN THE
VAULT!!

IT'LL TAKE LONGER THIS TRIP!—THE CAPTAIN
MOVED THE "HINTERLAND" FARTHER OUT TO
SEA—SO AS NOT TO
AROUSE SUSPICION AND
ENABLE US TO MAKE A
BETTER GET-A-WAY!



CONTACT
THE COAST-
GUARD, RAY,
AND TELL
THEM TO
STAND BY!



AGAIN THE SPIRITMAN SPEEDS INTO ACTION



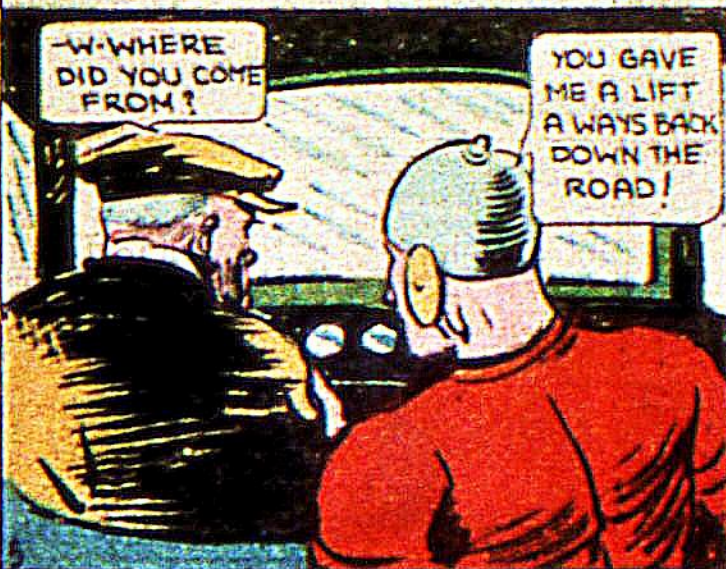
PULL OVER!!

WHAT
TH—!



—W-WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?

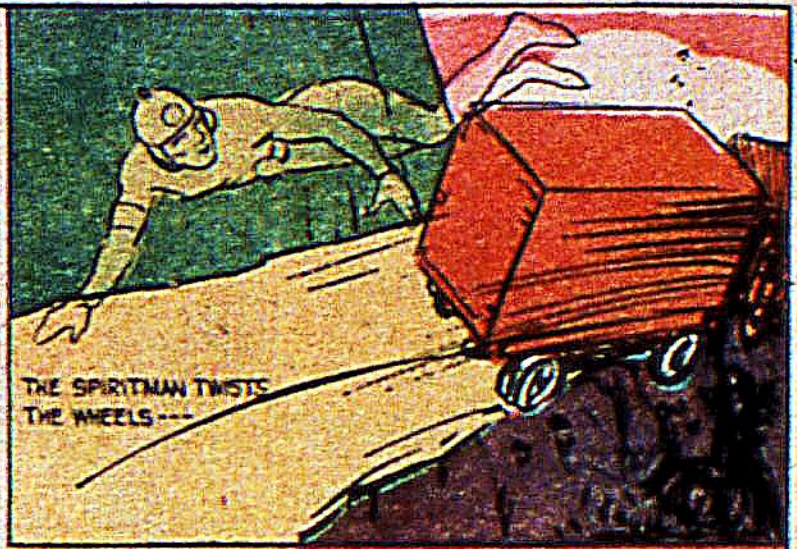
YOU GAVE
ME A LIFT
A WAYS BACK
DOWN THE
ROAD!



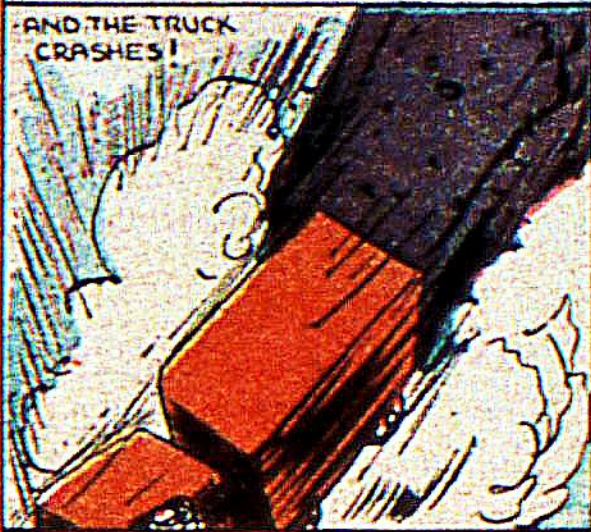
I DID NOT!
WHO ARE YOU?

PULL
OVER!

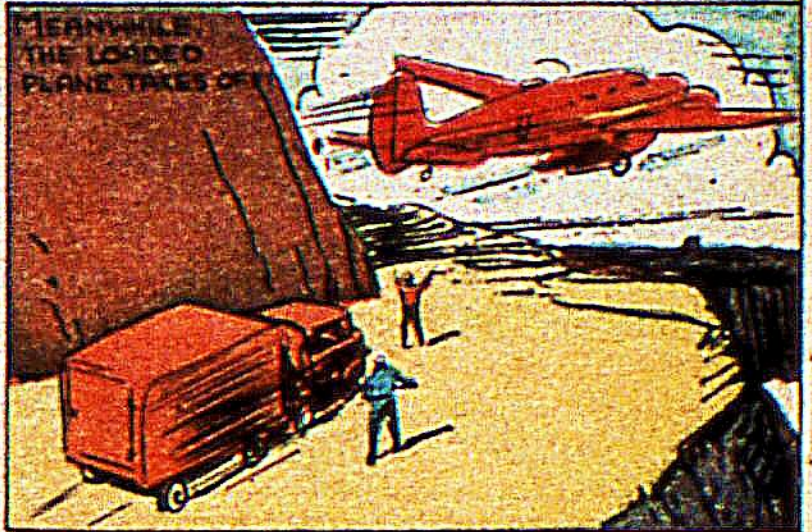




THE SPIRITMAN TWISTS
THE WHEELS---



AND THE TRUCK
CRASHES!



MEANWHILE
THE LOADED
PLANE TAKES OFF



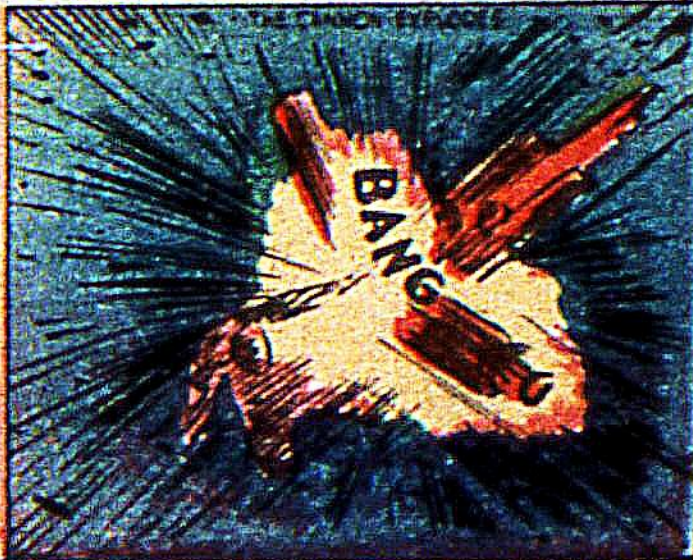
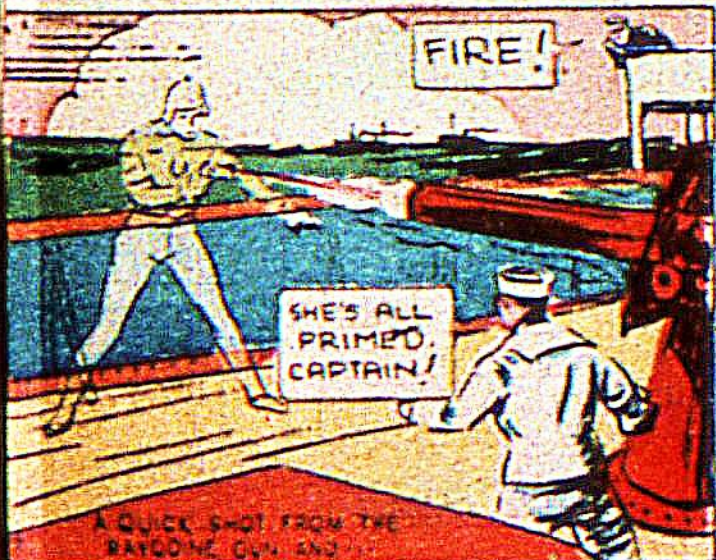
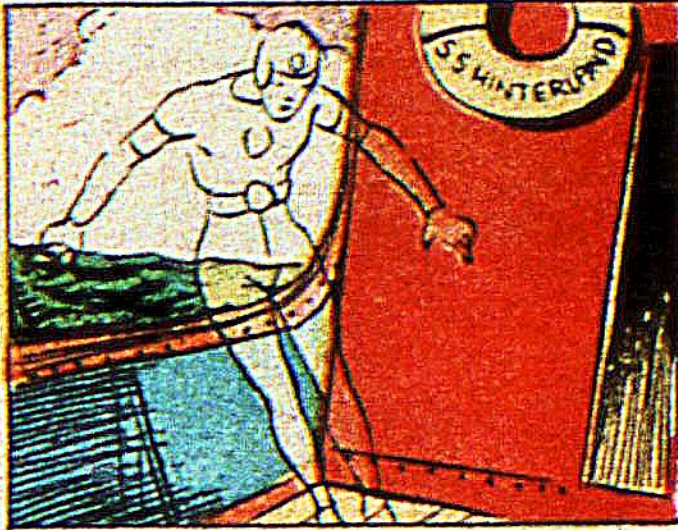
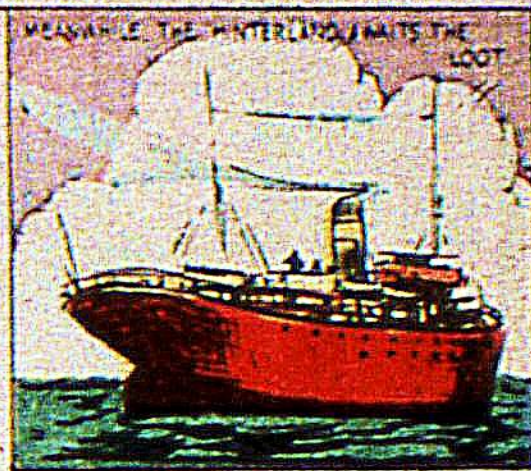
NOT KNOWING THE SPIRITMAN IS ON HIS TRAIL!



WHO IS
PUSHING
THESE CON-
TROLS FOR-
WARD?—
SOMETHIN'S
WRONG!

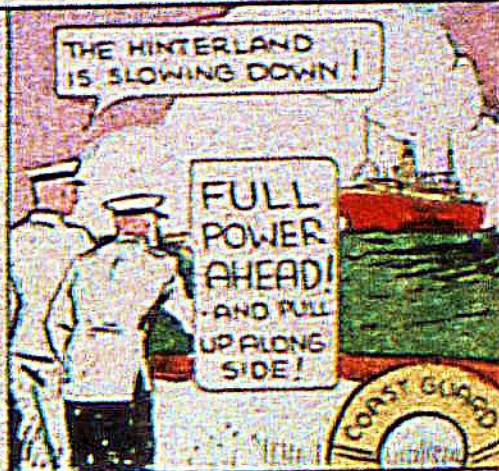


I CAN'T PULL
THEM BACK!
I'LL CRASH!





MANNING THE DESERTED CONTROLS, THE SPIRITMAN HEADS FOR THE COAST GUARD-



THE HINTERLAND IS SLOWING DOWN!

FULL POWER AHEAD!
-AND PULL UP ALONG SIDE!



STRANGE! -THERE IS NO ONE AT THE CONTROLS -LET'S GO BELOW!



WE'RE TOWING YOU ALL INTO PORT



HAVE YOU GOTTEN ANY WORD YET?

YES -I HAVE WORD FROM CAPTAIN SHIELDS -HE REPORTS THAT HE HAS CAPTURED THE HINTERLAND, WITH ALL THE GOLD ON BOARD

BACK AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS



IS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL?

YES, SPIRIT. -I HAVE ALREADY NOTIFIED THE AUTHORITIES OF THE LOCATION OF THE PLANE AND TRUCK!



HOW DID THE COAST GUARD KNOW OF THE HINTERLAND?

I LOCATED THEM THRU THE FUTURSCOPE AND NOTIFIED THE COAST GUARD -THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO BELIEVE ME, AND I WASN'T SURE THEY WOULD FOLLOW MY ORDERS



THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN WORD OF THE ROBBERY AND DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE LEAD! -NOW PERHAPS THEY WILL STRENGTHEN THE VAULT WITH EXTRA ALARMS -THERE WILL BE MANY MYSTIFYING CLEWS, BUT NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT IT WAS THE WORK OF SPIRITMAN!

SEE THE SPIRITMAN IN MYSTERIOUS ACTION -IN NEXT ISSUE

DID YOU SAY THRILLS?

"THE FOOLS!
THEY THINK I'M
BEATEN, BECAUSE
THEY COULD NOT
FIND ME-HA! HA!
JUST WAIT TIL NEXT
ISSUE, WHEN I SHOW
MY REAL POWER..."



YOU MUST
NOT MISS
THE NEXT GREAT
GRIPPING EPISODE OF
THE CLAW...

ACTION? MYSTERY? ADVENTURE?

GET IT ALL
IN THE NEXT



SILVERSTREAK COMICS

OUT NOV. 10TH.



AND THE ADVENTURE
OF THE DOUBLE-FISTED
CAPT. FEARLESS →

"SPIRITMAN"

WILL BE THERE TOO...
YOU CAN'T SEE HIM-BUT
HE PACKS THE MOST
POWERFUL PUNCH!

